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Col. Conrad H. Lanza

THE DIONNES AT LAST HAVE A TRIUMPH

Lillian Barker

AT THE BREAKING OF THE TRADITION

John Louis Bonn

ADVENT LITURGY

Daniel M. O'Connell

UNKNOWN PUERTO RICO

Walter M. Janer



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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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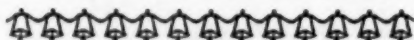
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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 12, 1942

WHO'S WHO

LILLIAN BARKER'S battle for recognition of the Dionne parents as proper guardians for the famous Quintuplets is as old as the Quints themselves—eight years. How her conviction—based on months of living with the family, and more than thirty subsequent visits—was vindicated by the Canadian public during the recent Quint-parents appearances at the Victory-Loan performances, is the subject of her present article. . . . COLONEL CONRAD H. LANZA is well known to AMERICA'S readers through his weekly analyses of the Nation at War. This week, at the end of our first year of actual conflict, he contributes a survey of things done and things yet to be done. . . . WALTER M. JANER is the son of a doctor practising in the suburbs of San Juan, Puerto Rico. He was born on the Island and, except for a few years of elementary school in the United States, he was educated there. Having a keen interest in Pan-Americanism, he believes the United States public should know the facts of life—not of *Time*—about this gateway between the North and the South. . . . WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J., director of the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen, hands the Catholic public a page from Burns, and suggests that we see ourselves, in relation to social progress, as some others may see us. Faith without works, he warns, is Red meat for critics. . . . DANIEL M. O'CONNELL presents, in simple translation, and with his own amplification, the cries for deliverance and the promise of hope in the Liturgy for the fourth week of Advent. . . . JOHN LOUIS BONN, author of *Down the Days* (high on the best-seller lists), and a number of other books, tells what a sensitive educator thought about when war was declared, one year ago.

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COMMENT

CAUTIOUSLY, hypothetically, Winston Churchill, in his speech on November 30, advanced a new notion. While still fighting, he proposed, we should be giving some thought to the shape of the world after the war. If we had only Japan to contend with, Britain "could be sitting with the United States and our ally Russia, and those of the United Nations themselves shaping the international instruments and national settlements which must be devised if the free life of Europe is ever to rise again." Frankly he expressed the "hope" that at the end of this war it may be possible to make "better solutions, more far-reaching, lasting solutions of the problems in Europe . . . than was possible a quarter of a century ago." Mr. Churchill speaks only of considering settlements for Europe. The spearhead of his speech was his warning to Italy. He ventures no suggestions as to the principles upon which a lasting settlement may be constructed. His remarks are brief and in general terms. Nevertheless, there is a different tone from the former Churchill who waived all discussion of the post-war era until the battle had been won. The burning political issues raised by and during the war have forced the post-war problems upon the minds of the United Nations statesmen. These problems cannot be ignored; they cannot be postponed. We cannot accept even the moratorium Mr. Churchill still clings to. The time is at hand, and we cannot begin to study these problems too soon.

— — —

AT the present time, the cost of living seems to be fairly well stabilized, but this temporary success ought not to lead to complacency, or any relaxation of the national effort to avert inflation. Despite higher taxes and record savings, factors tending to promote a rise in prices are still present in the war economy and can easily get out of hand. Randolph Paul, general counsel of the Treasury Department, told the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences only the other day that in 1943 the margin of spending power over available goods and services would amount to \$40,000,000,000. Perhaps the most pressing job that will face the new Congress when it convenes on January 3 will be a new tax bill, supplemented by some form of forced savings, designed to reduce this huge mass of excess spending power. Since most experts think—and the Senate Finance Committee agrees with them—that the income tax has just about been stretched to the limit, other sources of revenue must be found. Among the possibilities are heavier imposts on corporate income. According to the Department of Commerce, the net income of corporations for the first nine months of 1942 is off only five per cent from the record-breaking yields of the previous year. Another promising source is a tax on all

expenditures over a certain defined figure. Such a tax would bring in considerable revenue. More important still, it would act as a brake on spending. While new taxes will weigh heavily on everybody, they are a thousand times preferable to the disaster of inflation.

— — —

MANY a man, like Lewis Mumford, has desired to have an opportunity to rearrange some of our sprawling modern cities whose mushrooming and undirected growth has resulted in an inorganic muddle. Such men may have their chance in London after the war. German bombs have removed buildings which would normally have continued to stand for centuries, and fires have cut wide swaths in that venerable town. Now there is a definite movement on foot to attack post-war reconstruction intelligently, to frame churches in impressive approaches, to take cognizance of modern traffic-problems by widening some of the narrow, winding streets. St. Paul's Cathedral will very likely be one main focus from which this reorganization will radiate. It is heartening to know that the Londoners are still dauntless enough to be making plans now for a harvest of beauty from a seed-time of bombs.

— — —

SOME years back a certain university stood almost alone in a unique graduation requirement. To gain the Bachelor's degree, every student had to pass a course in American history or in Americanization. Rivals of this great institution had no time for such simplicity and frontier thinking. They busied themselves with science or with vocational studies. American history was all wrong anyhow. Even the proponents of "culture" took the tack that America is too young to have a history, too immature to merit inclusion in their classical outlook or their prophetic divinations. Today they seem to be rushing in the opposite direction. A great newspaper made a serious survey and showed them that they do not know their country. But now they have to fight for it. A great conference of many schools recommends that all "require a course in the history of the United States for graduation." Parents will send their children to schools of this type. American schools should be *American*.

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AN engine-driver, a sheet-metal worker, and a textile operative were the first student-body of the Catholic Workers' College at Oxford University. Some sixty dollars occupied the treasury. The year was 1921. Now, in 1942, with its little group of students and alumni (with a few alumnae) scattered over the home and foreign fronts, with its house requisitioned as a nursing home, the college

is postponing its coming-of-age party until after the war. The number of students was always small, but they were hand-picked. Oxford admitted them to lectures and examinations without the usual certification, for many of them had little formal secondary schooling. The miners, store-clerks, and coal-heavers give a good account of themselves. They take the University's Diploma in Economics and Political Science, more than one with distinction. They spend two years at Oxford, doing the regular lecture and tutorial work. At Campion Hall they attend lectures on the Encyclicals and the Catholic Social Order. The Workers' College is building a nucleus of men trained in all aspects of social and labor problems. Supported by burses, the students have often faced Spartan living conditions. Plans for assuring the future and expanding the work of the college are being made, against the day of victory.

ONE witty, if cynical, description of a lecture runs: "A lecture is that process by which the professor's notes become the student's notes, without passing through the head of either." We have often wondered who teaches whom in many colleges and universities: do the teachers learn from the students or the other way around? A recent poll, published in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, giving twenty-five books most in demand by 1) students, and 2) faculty members, in fifty schools, further puzzles us. There is not much difference in the quality of the two lists. Indeed, the students seem even to have a bit of an edge in good taste, if we may judge from one fact—that a great modern classic, *The Song of Bernadette*, is third on their list, and way down in ninth place among the professors. The students read quite as many books on world problems, too, and if they demand four books that are on the racy and sexy side, perhaps it is because the professors liked three books of that kind. There is much that can be learned at college; if it is the right kind of college, there is little that will have to be unlearned in order to be a good citizen in a better world.

NEWS came up from Mexico the other day that the nation has resumed service on its foreign debts. For thirty years both private and public obligations had been suspended. Revolutions and official malfeasance prevented the normal international operations of justice and equity. As a result, foreigners could not help looking on our sister Republic as a dubious risk in relations of all kinds. Not all the good will in the world sufficed to obliterate the impression that this financial impotence bespoke national irresponsibility. The *volte face* is of course not sudden. For several years quiet forces within the nation have been making toward a great change in public spirit, a change that enables the present regime to act with complete candor and energy in both internal and external relations. The story behind this development escapes the reporting of American newspapers. Our newsmen, like

many of ourselves, put all their attention on the men behind the mahogany desks. But the story is there. It has come to a happy issue, and we congratulate Señor Avila Camacho. In the name of his regenerated people, he has found it possible to make this great step forward in the public policy of his country.

MAJOR J. ARMAND SABOURIN is chaplain to Les Fusiliers Mont Royal. As he stepped from St. Patrick's Cathedral, following the celebration of Solemn High Mass not many days ago, he responded graciously to an interviewing reporter. How did the fight go at Dieppe? (He had gone up the shore with his men.) Before they left England that morning, he said, he asked them: "How many of us will come back tomorrow to this shore?" He continued:

I gave them general absolution and then went among them, there in the outdoors, and gave them Communion. There was no altar. My consecrated Hosts were in the little pyx. They received Communion while they were listening to their orders. It happened to be a regiment made up of Catholics and every man received the Host. I wish I could describe to you their serenity, their confidence, their calm courage after that. Each man could give his whole mind and heart to doing his best because he was prepared to meet his God.

Major Sabourin saw many of his Fusiliers go to God. The others will be ready when it is their turn.

A GREAT and profoundly religious Frenchman, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, speaks to his fellow-countrymen all over the world in his *Open Letter to Frenchmen Everywhere*, printed in the *New York Times Magazine* on November 29. It is a stirring and a heartening document. It is the voice of France, a voice vibrant with the echoes of the centuries.

Some among us trouble themselves about the name of one leader as against another, of one form of government as against another. . . . Let us not dispute now about precedence, about honors, about justice, or about priorities. There is nothing of all that offered to us. They are only offering us rifles. . . .

It is not for us to add to these words. It is not for us to offer banalities of advice to Frenchmen in their hour of agony and crisis. To France, our best tribute must be silence and prayer, and faith in her resurrection.

Is it too much to hope that a realization of this may come home to certain Americans? Saint-Exupéry finds it unworthy of Frenchmen to continue their quarrels in the hour of France's great need. There is no room for parties or partisans at this hour, but only for soldiers of France. Is it worthy of us, then, in America to take up feuds that Frenchmen are ready to lay down, to keep alive quarrels that France would willingly see die? Common grief of exile has brought many a truce in French political and social camps. It would indeed be sad if the truce does not lead to something more lasting in the way of peace.

TRULY impressive is the record of the National Catholic Community Service, established by the American Hierarchy as its official agency for welfare work among Service men and war-workers. The NCCS now manages better than one-fifth of the 1,041 "operations" sponsored by the USO. Of its 291 clubs, 209 are for Service men, 83 for industrial workers. The second annual report of the NCCS, recently released by Monsignor Ready, Secretary of the Trustees, covers the year which ended on June 30. During that year 8,032,574 men availed themselves of the recreational and educational facilities of the NCCS, twenty-two of whose clubs are designed for colored people. Distributed to the men were 687,600 missals and prayerbooks, 1,159,000 pamphlets, 35,100 books and magazines, 678,550 pocket crucifixes, rosaries and medals.

ENGLAND is planning a new education bill and, as the Trades Union Congress has already voted for the standardization of religious instruction, and other groups are interested in suppressing the explicitly Catholic school, the Hierarchy of England and Wales has issued a statement over the signature of Cardinal Hinsley. The document points out that this war is to vindicate the rights of minorities. In England, the Catholics are a minority, economically poor. Yet they have built 1,260 schools, in which, before the war, 400,000 children were being educated. These schools should "receive equal treatment with other schools, since the general demand now is that there be 'equal opportunity for all.'" The British Hierarchy is convinced that public opinion will rise wrathfully to wither any proposal which would violate the right of a minority.

MAURY Maverick, at present chief of the WPB Bureau of Governmental Requirements, denounced the present laws on tax exemptions, in a speech at the two-day convention of the New Jersey League of Municipalities. The League adopted a resolution asking the Legislature to examine the present laws with a view to revision or repeal. This attitude is prophetic of that which other similar groups may well take, in the near future, towards tax immunity granted to religious, charitable, educational and fraternal organizations.

SUCCESSOR to the penny-dreadful of another day is the "comic magazine" which presents an idea of life seldom ideal, frequently injurious. Practical antidote for them is *Topix*, an eight-page monthly publication projected by the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul. *Topix* will convert the comic-strip technique to a popularization of the lives of Catholic Saints and heroes, such as Saint Maurice, leader of the famous Theban Legion, whose life the first issue of *Topix* depicts.

CORRECTIVE of "the mistaken kindness of the Church towards Jews" are study clubs set up in Italy by anti-Semites. This intelligence, reported by *Religious News Service*, comes from Roberto Farinacci, writing in the Fascist paper *Regima Fascista*. Farinacci is described as an authoritative

spokesman for the Party. He recently wrote an intemperate and false tirade against the Vatican, alleging that Mr. Myron Taylor, "Roosevelt's Jewish emissary" got information at the Vatican which led to the bombing of Italian cities.

AGITATION for diplomatic representation at the Vatican has been appearing in the Mexican press. *Novedades*, Mexico City daily, points out that "all the civilized countries of the world have established such relations." It would be a contradiction if, after all the references to Christianity, the Leaders of the United Nations should deny a place to the Holy See "at the table of post-war discussions," concludes José C. Valades in *Hoy*, the illustrated news weekly. Valades, formerly private secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, holds that if internal politics in Mexico should preclude a formal diplomatic *entente* with the Vatican, at least President Camacho should send a personal representative, as President Roosevelt sent Myron Taylor. There has been a resurgence of Catholicism in Mexico. Church and State have achieved a rapport, President Camacho recently eulogized the patriotism and zeal of the clergy, and Archbishop Martinez countered with a pledge of the Church's loyalty to any peaceful and constitutional government.

UNINTIMIDATED by their perilous plight, the German Bishops have once again spoken out in defense of matrimony and morality, in a Joint Pastoral, reported by *KIPA*, Catholic press agency in Fribourg. They deplore the doctrine which canonizes nature and advocates unrestraint, pointing out that unbridled indulgence is the parent of inevitable chaos, moral and social. Against the new preachment of promiscuity, the Bishops set the old remedy of prayer, mortification and fidelity to Christian teachings. Cardinal Faulhaber likewise distinguished himself once more as a fearless champion of the right, and a critic of Nazism. This news comes from a Vatican broadcast picked up by *Religious News Service*. Recently there was a memorial service to honor the victims of an air raid on Munich during the night of September 20. The Cardinal charges the Nazi press with failure to mention the religious nature of the ceremony and with suppressing pictures of the Cross, in an effort to create the impression that the dead were pagans. This the Cardinal denies and denounces.

FROM London comes news that French Catholics and Protestants are united in "underground" resistance to Nazism. They have jointly published and circulated secretly pamphlets of *Christian Witness*. One of these pamphlets, received in London, contains a series of documents indicting Hitlerism for an invasion of fundamental human rights. Declaring that Catholics and Protestants walk the same "dolorous way," the booklet reprints two messages from the Pope, and others from the Archbishop of Toulouse, the Belgian Cardinal, and a Spanish Bishop. Sermons and statements from the Catholic Archbishops of Germany, as well as their *Pastoral Letter* of last Spring, are incorporated.

THE NATION AT WAR

OF THE many tragic events which have occurred in this war, the destruction of the French fleet at Toulon has been one of the saddest. In June, 1940, the British had hoped that this fleet would sail away and join their navy. But France signed an armistice, and sought to withdraw from the war. She instructed her ships to remain neutral. So the main fleet at Toulon shut itself in. Part of it was sunk by the British at Mers-el-Kebir; another part escaped a similar fate at Dakar by defeating the British. Other ships were interned in Egypt; others at Martinique were immobilized by the United States; others in the Far East are in Japanese possession. The powerful French Navy, once one of the five greatest in the world, is gone. Toulon has demonstrated that France refuses to collaborate with Germany. Rather than permit the Germans to have her ships, she sank them. Scores of French officers have joined the Allied cause. France is for the United Nations.

Russia, on November 19, launched two major offensives, one on each side of Stalingrad, which appear to have surprised the Axis. The Russians have made substantial gains, and report having taken 66,000 prisoners and thousands of guns, trucks, tanks, etc. They are still advancing, seeking to recapture Stalingrad, and re-open the Volga waterway. Another Russian attack started on November 25, on both sides of Rzhev. This was foreseen by the Germans, and so far the Russians have taken but few prisoners and booty here. The attacks around Leningrad were minor. It is not yet clear what the Axis will do in Russia. It may decide to wait until spring before doing anything about the Russian gains. This is what happened last year. Or it may decide to counter-attack right away.

In North Africa, the British 8th Army, from Egypt, is opposite the Axis troops near El Agheila, some 400 miles east of Tripoli. This is Marshal Rommel's old position. In Tunisia the main Axis forces appear to be in the south, near Gabès on the Mediterranean. Swamps, depressions, deserts and mountains extend 200 miles westward from Gabès, making an excellent defensive position, as there are only a few places where the line can be crossed. An attack could be launched from here northwards against Bizerte and Tunis. Bizerte, under the French, was a strong fortress, having underground shelters filled with stores for a long siege. These may, or may not, have been destroyed before the Axis secured the fortress. The Allies have provided a flank-guard to watch toward the south, while they are busy around Bizerte and Tunis.

In New Guinea, more Japanese reinforcements have arrived to defend their last hold in Papua Province, extending a few miles from Gona to Buna. This is swampy, tropical country, and the fighting is hard. Australians and Americans are attacking to eliminate the last Jap force in this area. This will be another step forward in the Pacific.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

FIVE weeks ago this column predicted that the incoming Congress would immediately busy itself with the matter of war agencies operating outside the settled departments of the Executive branch. It now seems that the President is likely to forestall it. At least that is how I interpret the moves designed to bring manpower into the Labor Department and to put Mr. Ickes at the head of it. If Selective Service is also brought in as well, that would be quite in line with the change.

The big issue, of course, is civilian control. This is the battle that has been fought for months by Donald Nelson, and I am informed that the stories about this battle that have been appearing in the press are not exaggerated. The trouble is that it is not altogether sure that civilian control of our war is a settled policy of our Government. If that were once settled, the next problem, of getting the armed forces to cooperate, would be relatively simple. An Executive order would do it.

The Army and Navy know, of course, just what and how many men they want, and what and how much matériel. But, unless we are going to turn into a military dictatorship—and even Germany is not that—the regular Governmental civilian processes should continue to supply the forces with the men and means they need, not allow them to go out on their own and get them. We are still a democracy.

It is just beginning to dawn on Washington, after all these months, that this whole problem is a political one, and that politicians are the ones to handle it. There are many signs that this realization is beginning to dawn. And this, perhaps more than the fear of what the new Congress will do, will, if I am right, accelerate the process of bringing the war agencies into the departmental framework, where there is trained political experience. (I suppose it is needless to say that I am speaking of politics in its higher sense, that of the problem of handling men, not in its partisan sense.) The war agencies, as they are, obviously suffer from this lack of political experience.

Connected with this whole question is the other question of what is going to happen to the colleges. At this moment, the whole thing is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The Army has been stalling the university presidents along, and, from what I hear, these latter gentlemen are approaching a state of collective nervous breakdown. This observer wonders if they have not brought it on themselves. The presidents should have realized that the Army probably knew better than anyone else it would be deprived of the power which it enjoyed over the college boys.

I wonder if it was wise for the college executives to go to the Army in the first place, and if it would not have been better for them to hold out for civilian control. If they had, and if they had got it, I am pretty sure that they would be in a much happier state now than they are. Maybe they, too, will realize that the colleges in war are a political problem, not a military one. WILFRID PARSONS

THE QUINTS AND THEIR PARENTS WIN BRITISH-CANADIAN TRIUMPH

LILLIAN BARKER

PATRIOTS from the heart, the French-Canadian Quints talked and sang their way into the hearts of British-Canadians recently, when they appeared in Toronto, with their parents, on behalf of Canada's Third Victory Loan campaign—a drive that soared to victory!

As a member of the Dionne party which left Callander for Toronto on October 24, I heard the children talk in *English*, sometimes from the wings of the theatre at Maple Leaf Gardens, at other times as one of the audience. But, wherever I was, I noticed that the five eight-year-olds spoke so distinctly I understood their every word as they told the 15,000 who packed the Gardens that they were well; that they remembered meeting the King and Queen in Toronto in 1939; and that they were delighted to aid their dear Canada.

Their *dear* Canada, which they had already aided so much—not just because much of their fortune has been invested in war bonds, but also because in pre-war years, advertised as "Ontario's leading tourist attraction," they enriched their Province by \$20,000,000 annually—and that by Toronto and Ottawa tourist-bureau estimate!

From earliest infancy till gas- and tire-rationing cut down tourist travel, the Quints—made wards of the Crown by a 1935 Act of Parliament—were a glittering asset to the Province which, in 1941, after the most famous custody fight on record, gave them back to their father and mother, only a year before it sought their help, and the help of their parents, in Canada's war emergency.

Impressively enough, it was the father who gave his daughters the cue for their patriotic line when they told the crowd, in clear-cut English, that they were "delighted to aid their dear Canada." For, even before identifying the girls in their just-alike Scotch-plaid skirts and white woolly coats, and even before introducing his wife to the audience as the Quints' "wonderful mother," Mr. Dionne said:

"We are all glad to come to Toronto because we want to do all we can to help win the war."

The ovation they got measured up to expectations for the Quints, and surpassed expectations so far as the parents were concerned. For, all their lives, had not Emilie, Cécile, Marie, Annette and Yvonne been called "Canada's darlings, the world's sweethearts," and many such superlatives? And what had the father and mother been called? "Ignorant peasants, unworthy parents," and other such terms.

So, even though Oliva and Elzire Dionne had gone all out for victory just like the Quints, there had been apprehension in some quarters about the reception they would get in Toronto, Ontario's British-Canadian stronghold. I know such apprehension existed, because several British-Canadians, friends of the Dionnes, spoke of it to me just before the curtain went up for the first time on the *Quint-parent* act. Those friends said to me in effect:

British-Canadian audiences are conservative . . . and so many things have been written against the Quints' parents that applause for them at the Gardens may be lukewarm. The father and mother are so nice and kind and amiable; and they have come all the way from Callander to help us. Except for them, the Quintuplets would not be here, would they?

Except for the parents, the Quints *would* not be here.

But why were the Dionnes maligned? Because they waged their *parents'* war against the Government, which finally returned their children to them after the little girls cried and prayed "to live with Papa and Mama." Nor was that all. With the unhappy, weeping "five" isolated in a nursery, run by Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo, their former physician and co-guardian, who refused ever to allow the father and mother to see the Quints alone, Oliva and Elzire waged another war against "the country doctor."

"He has usurped our rights," the Dionnes charged. They also insisted that the doctor—through members of the nursery staff hired by him—tried to make Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie and Marie love him better than their parents.

Though the Quints confirmed these claims, most people, sold on the idea that the father and mother were "ignorant peasants and unworthy," refused to take them seriously, and openly sided with the Government and the doctor—especially with the doctor who, thanks to the reportorial build-up, became to most of the public a saint on earth. Yet, in 1939, Dr. Dafeo posed for syndicated pictures so disgraceful that the parents sued him for libel.

In that same shocking year, their attorney also discovered the secret personal contracts the doctor-guardian (compensated all along by the Quints) had made with firms doing business with his famous wards. Those agreements were contrary to law, the attorney informed the parents. So, on his advice, they brought a second action against Dr. Dafeo—their suit for "an accounting of funds."

Then the fat was in the fire. The reporters who had built the doctor up into a mythical figure were out on a limb. "Are they really as bad as they have been painted?" newspaper readers asked themselves and each other.

They got the right answer to that question in 1941 when Dr. Dafoe, following settlement of the two lawsuits out of court, sent in his resignation, and when the Government, just about the same time, restored the Quintuplets to their parents.

But, even though that double victory vindicated the Dionnes, and even though the parents were in perfect accord with the Government, there were still doubting Thomases in Toronto who questioned the worthiness and "likeableness" of the father and mother. The Dionnes' new-found friends must have known such doubters, or they would not have been so apprehensive about the public reception of the parents—the reception that turned into such a pleasant surprise when the audience cheered just as loudly for the mother and father as they did for their glamorous daughters.

It was not gratitude for the Dionnes' patriotism alone that prompted the ovation. Appreciation on that score aside, I am confident that the parents won over the audience with their simplicity and sincerity. A local reporter, following the father and mother backstage, said to them:

"You've made a hit—and I mean *hit*."

And, as Oliva wandered off to smoke a cigarette and the mother darted into the Quints' dressing-room to quick-change the children for the second part of their act, the reporter said:

"Believing what I read, I thought the Dionnes were ignorant peasants. The father speaks English as fluently as we do, doesn't he?"

"He certainly does," I agreed, "and he's always spoken it. And, instead of ignorant peasants, the Quints' parents are aristocrats of the soil. You can tell by the way they look and act, can't you?"

"You bet you can, and watch me go to town on a story about these 'aristocrats of the soil'."

Good as his word, the reporter wrote several stories about the parents and the Quintuplets, all highly complimentary. In the meantime he stood beside me in the wings, and watched Marie, Emilie, Cécile, Annette and Yvonne return to the stage in Victory ensembles, and heard them sing in French *La Petite Maison* and *O Canada!* to the uproarious delight of the British-Canadian audience.

When the Quints sang *There'll Always Be an England*, in English, they brought tears to the eyes of men, women and children all over the Gardens.

Where were the propagandists, who had axes of their own to grind—and had ground them—at the expense of the Dionnes—when those same parents and their children were in Toronto, working for victory over tyranny and aggression? Were the detractors working for victory too, without compensation and for the good of the cause?

That thought came to me as I talked to visitors who called on the Dionnes and then told me of the "favorable impression Mr. and Mrs. Dionne made upon them." One very distinguished gentleman, who is tops in his profession, said "Canada has no

finer citizens than the Quints' father and mother. I count it a privilege to have met them."

That tribute was a fair sample of hundreds. From this you realize that the Quints, their brothers, Ernest, Daniel, Oliva, Jr., and Victor-Réné; and their sisters, Rose, Thérèse and Pauline, have parents they can be proud of; and they *are* all proud of them.

Like the parents, the children are crowd-shy—even the Quints who, in the pre-war years, drew tourists to Callander at the rate of six and seven thousand a day. But those crowds saw the Quintuplets at a distance, through the glass windows of their observation ground.

In Toronto the situation was wholly different. Whenever the Quints left the hotel or returned to it, people packed the corridors and swarmed around the elevators. On our twice-a-day trips to the theatre, we saw more crowds, lined up on sidewalks, street corners and at the hotel- and theatre-entrances.

One day the girls went—unobserved as they had thought—to a large department store. They had never laid eyes on a big store, and they were jubilant over the prospect of "going through the one their mother had promised to take them to." But their joy vanished when they got to the *big store* and found people *en masse*, outside and inside, waiting to give them the "once-over."

The crowds got their wish, but the Quints did not get theirs. Followed by the mob, the children could not even see the toy shop they had set their hearts on seeing. So back to the hotel they went, five little girls wofully disappointed, wondering "why they could not go places and do things like their brothers and sisters."

They were not over their disappointment before something else happened at the hotel to upset them—their separation when the father, dodging pursuers, took Cécile and Emilie into one elevator, while the mother, by mistake, hurried Annette, Yvonne and Marie into another. Until then the parents and the five girls had ridden up- and down-stairs together. There was panic in both cars, the moment the inseparable five discovered the separation and feared that the missing Quints were "lost or stolen."

The next day, the children, even while throwing peanuts to monkeys at the zoo, collecting porcupine quills and having a good time generally, clung to one another tenaciously. Their mother, guessing the reason, asked, "Are you afraid you may be separated again?"

"If we aren't careful, we might be," Yvonne replied.

Then all five said together: "That must never happen any more. Quints belong together."

But will they stay together in the years to come? After our return to Callander, I put the question to the Quintuplets, after first asking what they wanted to be when they grew up.

"We haven't decided what we want to be," they all answered. "We don't want to live apart, though." And, as if it were an *idée fixe* with them, they added: "Quints belong together."

SURVEY OF OUR WORLD-WIDE WAR A YEAR AFTER PEARL HARBOR

COL CONRAD H. LANZA

WARS usually have surprises. This one has had them. It was a grievous surprise to discover Japan better prepared than we were. We can take it. Our turn will come. We have had our lesson, and will not underrate our enemies again. We are now proceeding carefully towards our selected primary mission of the invasion of Europe.

THE WAR WITH JAPAN

War with Japan had been expected. The American Government and the American people were united in their opposition to Japan in its war with China. People and Government were agreed that we were right in refusing to sell to Japan oil, iron scrap and other articles wanted by her to go on with that war with the Chinese, which to us seemed wrong and cruel. That this refusal might result in war, was accepted calmly. Americans had confidence in their superb Navy, and were satisfied that it would defeat that of Japan within a short time.

The war was fully expected to come early in December, 1941. Warnings were sent to our forces in Hawaii, and in the Philippines. The local commanders were instructed not to strike the first blow, but to prepare to meet a sudden Japanese attack. It was possible, but not thought probable, that Japan might make a serious attack on the Philippines. The Philippines had a strong garrison, our finest planes were there. It seemed more likely that Japan would attack Thailand, and telegrams were sent to that supposedly unfortunate State advising it to resist.

Hawaii and the Philippines, indeed, took precautions against a surprise attack. They took the wrong precautions. Commanders thought that if there were to be an attack it would come from an invasion fleet. So every day, the air dawn patrols flew hundreds of miles out to sea looking for a fleet. On December 7, 1941, there were no invasion fleets. Instead hostile planes flew in, unseen, behind the dawn patrols, and arrived over Pearl Harbor, before anyone even suspected their presence. A few hours later, the Philippines were attacked in the same way. At both places the American air forces were practically destroyed. At Pearl Harbor we lost, or had disabled, numerous ships, and in the Philippines we lost our naval base at Cavite. Temporarily, America lost control of sea and air.

These great initial advantages were won by Japan not so much by a surprise attack, as by its method. Our forces expected *an* attack. But they

did not expect *the* attack by air which came. Our generals had not envisaged this, and were not prepared for it. They were defeated the day the war commenced.

Having accomplished so much in so little time, Japan invaded the Philippines. The war plan for those islands had provided for defending the main island of Luzon. About December 15, orders were given in advance of an invasion, not to defend Luzon, but to retire to the peninsula of Bataan, at the north entrance to Manila Bay, and defend that, together with the island fort of Corregidor, just to the south. Whether these orders originated in Washington, or with General MacArthur, who was in local command, has not yet been told.

Bataan was not properly provided with stores and provisions. In the few days available, first care was to stock ammunition. There was enough ammunition until the end, but there was deficiency of food and medicines from the beginning of that tragic three months' siege. Dysentery and malaria in a virulent form are endemic to that country, and in two months nearly the whole command had one or both of these diseases. There were nutritional diseases too, for meals were not only scanty, but were deficient in certain vital elements found in fruits and vegetables, of which there were none. When the final assault came, our soldiers were shadows of their former selves. Bataan went down, and a month later Corregidor succumbed.

Temporarily, the American flag has gone from the Far East. Japan's strength was underestimated. She was not only strong, but her armies were ably conducted. It is now evident that our preparations for a war with Japan were far from being as satisfactory as they were believed to be at the time.

With this painful experience behind us, steps have been taken to meet the Japanese menace in the Pacific. Revising our views, we are moving with considerable caution, and advancing only after mature preparations have been made and provided for. Some critics believe that we have gone to the other extreme.

Our first success was a naval one near the Solomon Islands, when in May we defeated a Japanese fleet in the Coral Sea. In August we took the south Solomon Islands away from Japan in an open battle. We have held them against repeated attempts made by land, air and sea to recapture them. Fighting on a smaller scale has occurred in New Guinea, where American and Australian troops have all

but driven the Japanese out of the western part of that island. These are small successes; just a beginning, perhaps enough to stop the Japanese in the southwest Pacific. Farther north, we stopped the Japanese, during June, in a decided victory near Midway Island. Only in the far north have the Japanese won recently over us.

Japan now knows that the United States has undertaken a major military movement leading to an invasion of Europe. It will require strong American forces. Other forces are engaged in operating sea lanes and bases to guard our ever-increasing shipments to members of the United Nations. Only a fraction of our strength is available in the Pacific. Japan has a choice. She may seize this opportunity for further expansion, or she may decide to consolidate the territories she has taken, and prepare them for the attack we are pledged to deliver when the day comes. If Japan decides for an offensive, she has a wide choice from Alaska on the north, to New Zealand and Australia on the south, to India on the west. Japan has the inside track to these countries through her central position, and can concentrate more rapidly than we can.

AID TO CHINA

We entered this war because of our sympathy with China, and our expressed decision to see that she shall win in her present five-year war with Japan. We have for long given China supplies of many kinds and in large quantities, and regardless of cost. They were forwarded by any available route. But the last of these was closed in April, when the Japanese captured the Burma road. The only way left to reach China is by flying in from India, over a most mountainous and dangerous line. And China desperately needs supplies which can not be furnished her over the single air route open.

We have solemnly engaged ourselves to solve the problem of supplies for the Chinese. The quickest way would be to reopen the Burma road by driving the Japanese out of Burma. In preparation for this, British, American and Indian troops have been assembling in India. An advance into Burma, during this winter, is possible.

EUROPEAN THEATRE

We have announced that the American major effort is to be directed against Germany, to include an invasion of that country, with a view to dictating a peace in Berlin. On the way there, we will liberate the occupied European States. This is a fair-sized program but the country is united on it. It is really a gigantic task, requiring much preparation, and it will take time.

The first direct step occurred last month, when our troops occupied Algeria and Morocco. The next step is to build up a huge invasion army of our own. While we are doing this, the Axis is to be cleared out of Tunis and Tripoli, so as to place all of North Africa under our control. We will then be free to ferry our invasion army across the Mediterranean to such places as may be selected. If all goes well, this might commence early in 1943. The Axis does not, however, intend to allow us tran-

quilly to assemble forces to accomplish their ruin, and we may expect that it will not be long before strong Axis reaction will occur.

The United States is, in effect, underwriting the war for all of the United Nations. None of them is able to go on efficiently without American aid. The greatest among these are the British and the Russians; two great nations who can, and are, fighting the Axis, and thereby assisting our effort to invade Europe.

THE RESULTS OF ONE YEAR OF WAR

There is no use in concealing the fact that we and our Allies have been badly defeated in the Far East. By its victory, Japan has obtained access to sources of food, oil and raw materials she needed to continue the war. She is having time to consolidate her captured lands, time to organize them to meet our coming attack, time to raise new armies. It will take hard fighting to overthrow Japan.

We have elected to make our major effort first in Europe. Substantial progress has been made in this direction. We have succeeded in supplying Russia with enough munitions to enable her to hold against strong Axis forces. The recent British success in Egypt was made possible through American help. The occupation of northwest Africa has been spectacular; but we had also previously assembled large numbers of troops in the British Isles. We are on the road to the liberation of Occupied Europe. Overcoming Japan may have to wait.

A UNIFIED COMMAND

A single commander and headquarters, with complete authority over the fighting arms of all the United Nations, would be desirable and advantageous. Such an advantage Hitler has, in part. The Axis in Europe consists of States, adjacent to each other and closely bound together by economic and military ties. It is necessary for them to adjust so many things that close cooperation, involving centralized authority, had to be arranged. However, Hitler has no more control over the distant Japanese forces than we have over those of Russia.

The British Empire and the United States might agree on a unified command, were there available an outstanding general in whom there was universal confidence. He would have to be able to direct and win battles on land, sea and air. Neither the British nor ourselves have such a man—we have not as yet even tried to train one for the position. In time the right man may be found, and may be placed at the head of the Anglo-Saxon forces. Perhaps the Russians would also accept him, and agree to abide by his decisions. China probably would, for China has made no pretense of having generals superior to those of the Japanese.

It took over two years of lost battles before President Lincoln found General Grant to lead a unified command. Then followed a straight march toward victory. We now are looking for another Grant. After enough campaigns have been won or lost we may succeed. Germany trained her unified command *before* the war started—better and less costly method.

PUERTO RICO—WHERE BOTH AMERICAS MEET

WALTER M. JANER

WITH the approbation by the United States Senate, on November 27, of a \$5,000 investigation into the present situation in Puerto Rico, a little extra information as to our \$200,000,000 market in the Caribbean Sea seems now in order. You may remember that the island was called, in *Time* for June 15 of this year, a "jungled, swampish, feverish, rum-ridden, slum-ridden, island 'paradise.'" Puerto Rico is a gateway to Latin America for the United States, by its geographic position, by its culture and by its commercial relationship to both North and South America. Being an island so strategically located, Puerto Rico has great value as a defense center in view of its proximity to the Panama Canal. In the case of military or naval activity in the region of South America—and by now we must be convinced we can overlook nothing—the Island would become a base of vital importance. The Island occupied a similar position in the Spanish Empire more than a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers reached Plymouth.

Commercially, Puerto Rico is one of the best customers of the Continental United States. During 1941, it ranked ninth in purchases and tenth in sales. Its exterior commerce with the mainland totaled \$191,419,340. Its business with the mainland has increased about fifteen-fold in forty years; a record that bears tangible testimony to the value of the little "Isle of Enchantment."

The culture of Puerto Rico is essentially Spanish and Catholic. It is the meeting place between Old Spain and Modern America and thus would seem to be the natural fusion point for the North and South American.

If the statement in *Time* were true, no one could have any doubt that not much good could come to the Latin by a closer union with the "Yanqui." After all, more than forty years is time enough to be able to show something better than a "jungled, swampish, feverish, rum-ridden, slum-ridden island 'paradise.'"

Swamp lands are practically non-existent in Puerto Rico; those that were have been turned into beautiful new home projects. Jungles are almost as unknown to the Puerto Rican as they are to the New Yorker. There is, however, a widely known and picturesque peak called "El Yunque" which the Federal Government has acquired and maintains as the Caribbean National Forest and which is outstanding for lush and prolific tropical growth. If the Government had not taken it over, it would be fairly accurate to presume it would have gone the way of other forests of Puerto Rico. The trees would long since have been converted into charcoal—the usual fuel used for cooking there—and the

lands long since farmed or converted into pasture.

Fever there is certainly not prevalent, and such a description as "feverish" is more than puzzling to any one who has ever lived in Puerto Rico for any length of time. The accusation that it is "rum-ridden" probably refers to the fact that the rum business has taken on major proportions since the repeal of prohibition. It has created a major industry for the Island, and the growth of the industry has been steady, rapid and profitable.

The United States Government has certainly done wonders with what were once slums. Rehabilitation projects, Federal loans, and sincere interest on the part of the Government in what constituted a major health and moral problem have gradually brought about the disappearance of what were once unimaginable hovels. This work is continuing and is looked on with gratitude by Puerto Ricans.

We mentioned that the culture of Puerto Rico was essentially Spanish and Catholic. Just as has been the case of American relations with other South American countries, the religious side, which is an all-important side of the picture, has been overlooked. Out of a population of over 1,800,000 there are more than 1,600,000 Catholics. Not every one of these is a practical Catholic—far from it. It is sad to say that the Faith has dwindled in many cases to a mere profession, and a weak one at that. The churches are crowded for the most part with women, but the men are not there in proportional numbers. Why? The answer is not hard to find: there are not sufficient numbers of priests to minister to the spiritual needs of so large a flock; there are not sufficient Catholic schools to educate the youth in their Faith; there are no Catholic colleges. This was not so calamitous when the Catholic Faith was the very life of the family, the town and the Government, but today the materialism of the North has made deep inroads into that Faith.

Perhaps, however, this was God's way of revivifying the militant Catholic Spirit which was the heritage Spain left her empire across the seas. The activity and zeal of the clergy of Puerto Rico are untiring, and the watchfulness of the Bishops inspiring. A new consciousness of the Catholic Faith is beginning to enter the lives of the people. The lost sheep must be regained, and that will come with the Catholic education of the rising youth. A few Catholic high schools and a Catholic college would supply Catholic leaders who could distinguish between false and true Christianity and lead their people along the right way.

In this respect the United States has again shown her generosity in the number of missionaries of Religious Orders that are working for the welfare of the Puerto Rican. Notable among these is the work of the Redemptorists, who maintain large parishes in the principal cities, from which they branch off into the country districts and *barrios*.

Understanding and comprehension follow when there is acquaintance and knowledge. Contact with South America may be made easier if we go through the gateway of Puerto Rico, where there are "Yanquis" and "Latinos" but Americans all.

SPIRITUAL ISOLATION IS WEAK CATHOLICISM

WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

THE edition bears the inscription, *Million Testaments Campaigns*. It is a copy of the *New Testament* with an introduction that carries a printing of some of the more striking prophecies relating to Christ. The booklet is published by a Jewish editor and it is meant for Jewish people only. The message conveyed is "I have found the Messiah." A small, well-edited pamphlet that describes the spiritual re-birth of three Israelites who have experienced the effect of a serious study of the New Testament upon their inner spiritual life is a companion piece with the Scriptural publication.

From the title of the organization *Million Testaments Campaigns* it is, evidently, the aim of the sponsors to distribute a million copies of this remarkable bit of apologetic. The copies bear no date, so I have no way of knowing how long the movement has been in existence. A Catholic workman brought me a copy that had been read by a Jewish boy to whom it had been handed, down at the Navy yard.

There is not the slightest suggestion that the group behind the cause have accepted the Catholic Church as the natural consequence of their recognition of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah promised by the Prophets. It is merely publicizing the fact of a great discovery that these people have personally experienced. Whether or not they will think it through, and eventually come into the possession of the complete enjoyment of their newly-found heritage, is left for the future to reveal. To me it appears to be one of the most hopeful answers to the problem of anti-Semitism.

This chance happening upon a booklet turned my thoughts not so much upon the effect that can be anticipated upon the children of Israel, but rather upon the contrast of our own deficiencies in our devotion to Christ.

With few exceptions, relatively, Catholics are the recipients of the gifts of Faith and Hope and Charity through Baptism, just a few weeks after they are born. By the time we reach adolescence or adult life we have become so accustomed to take God and Christ and His Church for granted that we are satisfied to safeguard our own souls, to bask in the gentle sunshine of God's grace, to feast ourselves on the good things that Christ gives us, but accept with reluctance, if we accept at all, the grave responsibility of sharing our good fortune with others.

No better criterion of this unintelligible anomaly can be presented than the general disposition of average Catholics, particularly of the educated strata, in regard to the social problems of the age. Personal piety is no norm of the Catholicism of the

member of the Church. The test of Catholicism today, as it should be in any day, is "What think you of Christ?" and "As you do unto the least of these My little ones, you do unto Me."

To be more specific—any Bishop, priest or layman who refuses to take an interest, so far as he is able, in the deplorable conditions of millions of the working classes, the Negro, the undernourished and ill-housed poor, our spiritually neglected youth and similar groups, lacks the first fundamental of Christian life. It is not possible to be directly concerned with all of them. It is not only possible, but imperative to be *directly* interested in some phase (at least one) of the innumerable activities urged by the Sovereign Pontiffs. If I interpret the Encyclicals of Pius XI correctly, priests, for instance, engaged in pastoral or educational duties are not excused from the *further responsibility* of a sincere effort to find the time to take some active part, in some way, in the solution of the social problems that weigh upon society. It is estimated that there are 50,000 priests in America. If each one of them took but twelve workmen, once a week, and thoroughly imbued them with a knowledge and the spirit of the Christ, who Himself knew what it was to bear the heat and the toil of a carpenter shop, is there any one who would deny the effect of such a training upon these men?

We berate the Communists in good fashion. Hardly a Catholic publication lets a week go by without some blast at the followers of Moscow. That is "all to the good," and necessary. We must keep the public constantly alert to the dangers from within. Nevertheless, if we would but take the time to analyze some of the protests of the Muscovites we should discover to our dismay that they are doing, at least in part, the very things that we should be doing. Their objectives are sinister, it is true. Their motives are a complete contradiction of their expressed aims. Their means in most cases are despicable. The fact, however, is, that for their own purposes and their own aims, they are publicly, and on a national scope, protesting, condemning and denouncing *injustice*.

To come down to cases once more. If there is any group deserving of an all-out assistance in our social efforts, it is the working classes. In point of numbers they represent at least a third of our population. A normal estimate of the total of working people at the present time is about 45,000,000. Of these, approximately 10,000,000 have been organized into unions. In general, we are so "capitalist-conscious," that we have never given to the working classes their proper evaluation.

We have known Christ for a long time. We shall never convince our Jewish friends, or any one else, that the Catholic Church is the extension and expansion of the life of that same Christ, by a policy of spiritual isolationism. The workingman, the Negro, the poor are, or are to be, incorporated in Christ. Unless we who have the Life run in the forefront, befriending and defending their cause, we deny in practice what we profess in private—we make of ourselves slumbering members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

PRAYERS OF THE ADVENT LITURGY SEEM WRITTEN FOR OUR TIMES

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

"TURN to us, O Lord, just a little bit; do not be slow in coming to Thy servants." This antiphon for Lauds in the fourth week of Advent is typical of the liturgical merging of that season's spirit into the fullness of Christmas. We live and pray again with the chosen people, their prophets, their patriarchs, from Adam to John the Baptist. Fortunately for us, we know the certainty of Christmas; its dramatic climax of fifty or more centuries of long alertness. With this always in mind, we enact again the anguish of those five thousand years. We chant spontaneously, as for the first time, the antiphon in the fourth week of Advent: "Lord, reward us who wait so long; let Thy prophets be proven well-founded."

This note of expectation naturally dramatizes the liturgy of the season devoted to the awaiting of the God-Man. But we know the answer. He will come on Christmas. Hence, the lines of the play are weighted with those prophecies which proclaim the security of the outcome. In fact we guard against our optimism. The drama will not be effective, without the sincere recital of all its scenes from Adam to the Babe of Bethlehem.

In the interpreted spirit of the long first Advent, we all but command His hasty coming. The second responsory of the second Saturday rises in the inconsistency of its six imperatives: "Hasten, do not be tardy, Lord, but deliver Thy people. Come, Lord, do not delay. Release Thy children from their sins." And in the seasonal hymn of Lauds, *Verbum supernum prodiens*, "O Word supernal issuing," we have the following happy blending of the old and new Advents:

Behold, our promised Lamb is sent
To bring to us release from fears,
From our lips, then, the prayer must rise
For God's forbearance, for our tears.

Again, the liturgical language of the drama is adapted to the personal feelings of the chosen people waiting for the Lord. There is a child's faith in the third antiphon for the second Sunday of Advent. "Look. He *will* appear. He will not *cheat* us. If He delays *briefly*, await Him. Truly He will come. He will not tarry long. Alleluia." And surely there is filial perseverance in "I will await the Lord, my Saviour. I will stay about, for He is near at hand. Alleluia." (Antiphon for *Magnificat*, first Thursday of Advent.)

Sustaining such confidence comes a solemn assurance, on Divine oath, that this faith, hope and

love of Advent's longing are certain of ultimate triumph. It is had in the juridical seventh responsory for the fourth Sunday:

I have sworn an oath, saith the Lord, not to take revenge upon the earth. Even the mountains and hills will welcome My justice. A pact of peace, too, will be struck with Jerusalem. My salvation is near and ready to come. My justice is about to be revealed.

The revelation swiftly unfolds. It will be personal. A virgin shall conceive; bear a Son; His name: God, Admirable, Almighty. "Thy Omnipotent Word, O Lord, will come from regal throne, Alleluia." His birthplace: "Bethlehem, city of the Most High God. From thee goes forth the Lord of Israel. But His issuance is as from the start of the days of eternity" (Second responsory, third Sunday). Yet we must train our eyes: "Look and see how great is He Who enters to save His folk . . . the King of Justice, Whose generation hath no bourn."

The liturgy of Advent, as the reader has noticed, calls upon nature to help us in our preparations. It is even addressed as a person. The best known invocation is in the Vespers' versicle, where the heavens are bidden to drop down dew; the clouds to rain the Just One; the earth to open and bud forth the Saviour. A helping hand is asked from the hills of Israel in spreading their boughs, in enflowering and putting forth their fruits. "For it is near, this day of the Lord's coming," when "the mounts and hills will sing praise to God; all trees of the woods will clap hands."

At times with dramatic license, the climax of this personification of nature is anticipated. Thus on Ember Friday of Advent in the third responsory we are assured that "the desert fields have budded the bud of Israel's sweetness, for, lo, Our Lord comes in strength, and all His radiance with Him." But the general viewpoint of the future is kept, as is evident in another oft-quoted antiphon, which reminds us that we shall draw waters of joy out of the Saviour's fountains. Even in the Mass for the vigil of Christmas, for instance, in its prayer of the Offertory, the awaiting of nature is dramatically sustained: "Be lifted up, eternal portals, the King of glory will enter in."

Similarly all nature is represented as actually contributing its full resources for His coming. He is "a lamb without spot; radiance of eternal light; sun of justice; cornerstone." He will come from the south to the maid of Libanus' pure white snows in

the north. His birth will be to the south of Sion, "from the shaded and thick-wooded mountains." They "will distill sweetness and the hills flow with milk and honey." The chosen people are pictured as a stump, whose tree had been cut down. Life has been kept in it and so "a sapling will shoot up from Jesse's root, and from his root a flower grow." (Third responsory, third Sunday.) Finally, we might say, the material city of Jerusalem is personified as the human race. Why should sorrow take new life in her? Why does she pine with grief? "Jerusalem, thy deliverance will shortly come." (First responsory, second Sunday.)

Peculiar to the liturgy of Advent and expressing forcibly its dramatic spirit are the seven antiphons of the *Magnificat* which begin with "O." They invoke the Lord God soon to be with us. Each concludes with the imperative "Come." They might be called the supreme supplication of the five thousand or more years represented by the season of Advent. These unique apostrophes begin on December 17 and end on December 23, the vigil of Christmas being blended into the feast itself. Of the "Great O's" as they are called, Father McGarry of happy memory in his last published book, *He Cometh*, writes:

In their magnificent yet simple beauty [they] are the quintessence of the Advent liturgy. Their language bears the weight of God's eternity and mercy. They are a poignant cry of the soul of the people of the Advent; they address God by the most compelling and tender of Divine names . . . While the imperatives of the season are often joyous and clamorous, these last appeals to God seem to read as if the iron of our misery is in our very blood . . . We are soberly acknowledging that our dire wretchedness can be remedied only by omnipotent mercifulness.

These antiphons seem to trace the history of man in their dramatic appeal to his Creator. The first is addressed to Wisdom, the Word of God in His eternity, "ordering all things indomitably yet tenderly." Then, on December 18, we seem to leap from the beginning, when was the Word, to the Law on Sinai: "O Adonai (my Lord of Lords), Lord of Lords, leader of Israel, who appeared to Moses in the bush's flaming fire. . ." From thundering Sinai we turn, on December 19, to the "O Root Of Jesse." The time is 1100 B.C. The place is Bethlehem. From the root has come the royal sapling, David. To his lineal descendent, according to the flesh, is addressed the third "Come to deliver us, delay, please, no longer." Again on December 20, we appeal to the "O Key Of David." We ask Him to come; to lead us, fettered in prison, dwellers in darkness and in the shadow of death.

On December 21, we are near to Bethlehem's cave in the antiphon, "O Day Spring, Radiance of eternal light, Sun of justice!" He will enlighten those sitting in darkness. And so, on December 22, the "O" appeal is for Jew and Gentile, the "King Of The Peoples," Whom we pray to "Come" and save all men fashioned out of the slime of the earth.

The last "Great O," December 23, reveals His Name to all, as first heard by Mary: "O Emmanuel (God with us, Jesus), Our King and Law-giver, the awaited of the peoples and their Saviour." In

the imperative of this last antiphon, unlike the preceding six, there is an added apostrophe to the Almighty: "Come to save us, O Lord our God." We have arrived at the cave. Mary and Joseph are there. We have traveled from Advent's faraway islands, through its five thousand or more years. But His Advent, now about to end, was through infinite space and from an eternal throne. Father McGarry, in *He Cometh*, assures us:

We are ready to go on our knees in gratitude to Him, for we realize how tenderly His wisdom has planned the manifestation of His mercy to us. We gaze in awe on the Virgin Mother, whose beauty is the peerless creation of His wisdom and love. In her we know that the nearest image to mercy and love has been wrought, and she is the sign to us how exquisitely God can work in clay . . . we make our preparation for His coming . . . as the midnight hour approaches when the liturgy appoints the first Christmas Mass.

'This year, as last year, that Mass of Christ will be anticipated by several hours among our armed forces and in "black-out" countries, for His peoples are engaged in the most fratricidal war known in their records. At that Mass and at all Masses, His Vicar and Bishops bid us to take up the one weapon that can end all wars, prayer for peace. There is a command to this effect in the breviary for Advent's ember Wednesday: "Shout it out mightily, ye who are proclaiming peace." Primarily, of course, this is peace of the soul. Yet Pius XII takes every opportunity to pray for human peace. Over a year ago at the meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Science, the vicar of the Prince of Peace bemoaned the "fields and seas soaked in blood"; urged all men to become like brothers; declared that it was not for waging war that "God redeemed man from his sins." The Pope's exhortation may be taken as a true refrain from the entire liturgy of Advent, where over and over there is the paraphrase of St. Paul's "He is our peace"; from sin first, but also from sin's dread effect, modern total warfare.

The Roman martyrology insists that Christ was born when "all the world was at peace." At the threshold of the year 1943, a saddened, chastened world has no hope for a similar peace except through prayer. Again, after some 1942 years, we are back to the Advent of the first Christmas.

The eminent English Catholic philosopher, Christopher Dawson, expresses the faith and hope of Christmas, 1942: "It is the teaching of the Gospels, and the belief of all Christians, that there is no limit to the power of prayer. It is the ultimate spiritual arm, and no earthly power can stand against it." And Sigrid Undset in more happy times wrote in her moving *Christmas and Twelfth Night*:

Is not this the last and most mysterious reason for the joy of Christmas—that the world has been turned upside down; that the Almighty has laid aside His insignia of office and receives our gifts, if we want to give them to Him?

That happy turning upside down was all to man's good. But human would-be architects of the world, through passion, have thrown it out of its orbit. Madly it burns. Only the Infant Architect, through prayer and penance of Pope, priest and people, can restore the celestial music of peace to our sphere.

AT a time when men are confused about the meaning of life and have lost sight of the Divinely-ordained hierarchy of human values, fools are honored and Folly becomes Queen. When, for instance, real flesh-and-blood women hesitate over the choice between a baby or an automobile, and frequently elect the automobile, no mental extravagance is impossible, and we naturally expect the ratio of nonsense to wisdom to increase prodigiously.

In these expectations we are not, alas, being disappointed. You can hardly read a newspaper today without pausing four or five times to marvel at the length and breadth and depth of human stupidity. In view of this, to signalize any specific piece of nonsense, in the hope of curing the aberration by an appeal to reason, or better still, by laughter, may seem a futile task. And it probably is. But occasionally some striking bit of nonsense, some truly classical exhibition of folly, comes to light that deserves to be chronicled for the delectation of posterity, or as a warning to it.

A short time ago, just such an instance of perfect nonsense was perpetrated in, of all places, the decorous old city of Boston. Speaking at what purported to be a serious gathering, the New England War Conference, a well known lady announced that many women war workers would not be willing to leave the factory when the necessity that brought them there had passed. Never again would they be content with woman's accepted role as a stay-at-home. They intend to go right on punching a time clock because, as the speaker explained, "most of them will want to feel that they are *socially useful*." (Italics ours.)

Now that outburst is surely nonsense of classical stature. While other ages have sinned against the family, they never thought to deny that such sins are dangerous to society and to the state. Not even the leaders of decadent Rome ever implied, even at the height of feminine folly, that housewives and mothers are not "socially useful." On the contrary, they opposed the betrayal of family life by Roman women, and strove energetically to bring them back to their senses and to their duty. It has remained for this anarchic age to insinuate that begetting and rearing children is not a "socially useful" career for women.

It is especially necessary at this time, when the exigencies of war are forcing many women into factory work, not to lose sight of fundamental truths about social life in general, and about women in particular. Women who are engaged in making the instruments of war are performing a necessary and laudable service. But this must not blind us to the primordial fact that woman is destined, by her very nature, primarily for the home. It is there she is normally most "socially useful." If American women forget this truth, if they desert the hearth in great numbers to punch a post-war time clock, there are going to be millions of frustrated women in the world of the future—and not many babies to enjoy the fruits of our victory.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR UNITY

IN the C.I.O. *News* for November 30, generous space is devoted to a story from London retailing the reactions of Jack Tanner, British labor leader, to his recent American visit. Mr. Tanner is quoted as saying that "the leaders and rank-and-file of the C.I.O. are convinced that international labor unity is essential to an all-out prosecution of the war and the winning of a people's peace." The same spirit he found among the rank-and-file of the A.F. of L., although he had to confess that "the A.F. of L. leaders are still antagonistic towards the Soviet trade unions, since they do not regard them as free agents."

Can it be, the reader may wonder, that the estimable Mr. Tanner was subjected, on his visit among us, to some expert "left-wing" leg-pulling? We happen to know a fair number of rank-and-filers in both labor groups, and some of their leaders. Most of them, we find, are openly skeptical about any and every kind of alliance with Soviet "trade unions"; and only slightly less skeptical about cooperating with the Socialistic and Communistic unions of Latin America. Even Mr. Murray, C.I.O. President, who in the interest of efficient war production is currently striving to prevent an open fight between his "right-wing" and "left-wing" unions, normally speaks of "free" labor organizations whenever he discusses international unity. And this would seem to leave the Soviet unions out of the picture.

But there is just enough truth in Mr. Tanner's analysis to cause disquiet in many minds. The issue is very simple, and only the A.F. of L. has so far met it frankly. It is this: does or does not American labor believe in democracy? If it does, there can be no question of cooperating with totalitarian labor movements of any kind, Brown, Black or Red. We can understand Mr. Murray's desire to keep peace in the family, which was so manifest at the well-oiled Boston Convention. But peace can be bought at too high a price. Sooner or later the "right-wing" in the C.I.O. must make up its mind whether it can continue to risk public disapproval by appeasing the "left-wing" minority. Toward this end, we suggest that the "right-wingers" go over the C.I.O. *News* with a fine comb. They may discover a few pieces of the "party-line."

STAY PREPARED

PANIC and sudden death reveal unexpected qualities in humble people. In Boston's appalling Cocoanut Grove fire on November 28, none seems to have kept a cooler head than the sixteen-year-old bus boy who accidentally started the fire, the chorus boy who led a group of fellow comedians to safety, and the head waiter.

Strong and trained men were among that holiday crowd, men used to command. But they were helpless as children when terror drove the mob to madness. A controllable fire that soon might have burned itself out, released panic's insanity, and sent 490 souls into eternity.

Our grief for the dead, our sympathy for the bereaved living, and our admiration for the courage and charity of those who hastened to the rescue—among them the honor-roll of the priesthood was in the first rank—will not cause us to forget a certain rather harsh warning.

Every fire warns us to keep our heads in an emergency. This disaster adds a reminder that all or any of us will sorely need the type of coolness shown by the actors and the head waiter if our cities happen to be bombed.

Fiercer than any fire will be the resentment of a bereaved community against those legislators who neglected to rectify the confusion of local fire laws, against officials who tolerated the existence of such conditions without a public warning. But still livelier will be everyone's resentment if we have been lulled into too easy an optimism as to this other, almost forgotten danger, and find ourselves some day victims of mass terror because of inadequate preparation for the yet possible air raids.

Is there still a possibility that such a calamity will occur? Shall we even yet share some of the experiences of the British victims of the Luftwaffe's fury? Confidence has grown within us that the peak of the danger is past. Nevertheless, the enemy has not yet exhausted his bag of tricks. Nothing would be dearer to his heart than to see the panic of Cocoanut Grove repeated on a mass scale. And he would only too gladly encourage those who mock at all adequate provisions for civilian defense.

Some civilian preparations may have been overelaborate. But this does not justify neglecting them altogether. Until the war is over we need to stay prepared for the worst.

POST-WAR GERMANY

IN the issue of the *London Month* for September-October, 1942, the Reverend John Murray, S.J., expresses his concern over certain forms which the growing hatred of Germany all over Europe may eventually take. The "truly sickening" record of German brutality in the occupied countries, he writes, is stirring hatred of all that is connected with Germany. Should this embittered spirit break through the barriers, as the downfall of the Hitler tyranny draws near, "there will be massacres in Europe." The solemn declaration of the Allies that crimes, committed by German leaders in the occupied countries, will be severely punished, will do much, Father Murray believes, to keep this hatred of the Germans within bounds.

With this view, we are in complete accord. But we are sure that the retribution which Father Murray has in mind is simply that punishment which in every well-ordered state must follow conviction for crime. To punish solely out of a spirit of revenge would be to imitate in some sort the worst among the Nazi leaders. These criminals must not be made martyrs, but put on exhibition, after trial, before the world and especially before Germany, as men who have sinned against Germany, as well as against their victims.

But what must be done with the politicians who have misled the German people is one problem. More serious is the problem of what is to be done with and for the people of Germany.

During the first World War, President Wilson was fond of distinguishing between the German people and their rulers. That distinction is not in high favor today, chiefly, it may be presumed, because of the fact that, as far as the evidence goes, the German people are closely united with Hitler. But it is still possible, it seems to us, to find condonation for a people misled by propaganda, whether of the Nazi or the Communist variety. From the first days of Hitler, the rank and file of the German people have been the victims of official propaganda. The press and the radio have been employed not only to keep from the people what Hitler did not wish them to know, but to rouse and inflame their minds with the picture of a Government bravely struggling against cruel enemies whose one aim is to enslave them. What would we in the United States know of world conditions, or even of conditions in our own country, had we been completely dependent during the last nine years upon a controlled press and radio? This consideration should caution a speaker against such a sweeping declaration as "America, which has committed a mortal sin, can be forgiven. Germany, which has sinned against the Holy Ghost, cannot be forgiven."

Certainly, German criminals must be punished after the war. Probably, too, Germany must be policed by the Allies for a generation. The German people must learn that schemes which throw the whole world into war can only bring them to the brink of destruction. A minority themselves, when pitted against the world, they must learn that

minorities in their own country have rights, not because they are Jews, or Gentiles, or "Nordics," but because they are human beings.

But the Germans will not learn these necessary lessons well enough at the point of a gun. If all Germany is made another Alcatraz prison, as some seem to wish, the peace of the world will never be safe. No walls of stone, no bars of steel, are strong enough to keep eighty million vigorous and hard-working people in confinement. Nothing will make Germany the country she can be, and must be, except the sword of the spirit.

That spirit can be revived in Germany. Freed from bonds, religion and religious schools can dispel the poison gas of Hitlerism, and the German people, with the guidance of Christian principles, can in time take their place among the civilized nations. But these same principles must also guide all post-war plans for the settlement of the German question by the Allies. A new world can be created only on the firm foundation of the ancient Christian verities.

RAPID RENO

WE move rapidly in this country; sometimes too rapidly, and often in the wrong direction. One example of this unhallowed and misdirected haste was furnished by a lady who recently obtained a divorce in Reno. There is nothing unusual about a divorce in Reno; the marvel would be a court-day there without at least one. But this was the second divorce the lady had secured in six weeks.

It is proper enough to point the finger of scorn at Reno. But the finger should not be pointed in that direction only. Divorce is obtained without great difficulty in Nevada, and also in every State in the Union, except South Carolina.

Taking human nature as it is, when divorce is sanctioned for one cause, it will soon be sanctioned for any cause. In course of time, and with the aid of keen legal counsel, all alleged causes become reducible to the one cause allowed by the law of the State. That one cause operates as a leak in the dyke, and presently there is no dyke.

To state that any man or woman can obtain a divorce for the asking is probably a slight exaggeration. But if the petitioner is possessed of ample means, and can retain legal counsel who, in lieu of conscience, is endowed with that cunning which enables him to drive a coach-and-four through the loose meshes of our prevailing divorce legislation, the difficulty is by no means insurmountable. The one obstacle that may cause delay is not the marriage-tie, but the legal complexities which arise out of financial settlements. On the whole, however, the divorce rate shows that divorce is not confined to the rich. All classes are infected with it.

As long as the principle of divorce is recognized, about all that the States can do to keep the plague within some limits, is through legislation which puts the brake on hasty marriages and hasty divorces. The only cure for this evil is an education which teaches the young to respect marriage and its sacred obligations.

THE WITNESS

THREE of the four Sunday Gospels in Advent bring before us the heroic figure of John the Baptist. In selecting these passages, the Church shows her desire that we study the life of a Saint of whom Our Lord Himself said, "Among those born of women there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

No time is fitter for this study than these days of conflict which constitute a testing-period of suffering for the whole world. For John, the witness to Christ, was not "a man clothed in soft garments," not a man of easy and comfortable life. In keeping with his sublime character as witness, he had been sanctified by the power of the Holy Spirit before his birth. From early youth, John led a life of prayer and fasting. In time, he withdrew to a lonely place, far from the towns and the cross-roads of trade, and there he fed upon the bread of the strong—penance and the contemplation of Divine things.

But, like a city set upon a hill, austere sanctity cannot be hidden. The people flocked to him, and as they came, John, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, recognized more clearly the special work which God had entrusted to him. He was a prophet, but "more than a prophet." As we see him in our Gospel (Saint John, i, 19-28) he was to be a witness to the truth that the long-expected Messiah had at last appeared among His people. By drawing the people to repentance for sin, he prepared them to recognize in the Son of Mary the Saviour promised of old to their fathers.

Long had the people waited for Him, and prayed that the days be shortened. It was John's testimony that the Messiah had come.

Saint John the Baptist is undying evidence to the truth that every man who would preach Christ with the heavenly compulsion that wins souls for Christ, must first give his whole soul to Christ. But to preach Christ is not, we must remember, the duty of our priests and Bishops alone. In its degree, it is the obligation of everyone who has been sealed with the Sign of Christ in Holy Baptism. We must all bear witness to Christ. We need not preach. Language may be eloquent, but example can be compelling. Men discount what we say, and when our lives are not in harmony with our words, they ridicule it. But they cannot completely close their minds to the appeal of a life of heroic virtue. Not all will heed that appeal, but to men of good will, it may be the beginning of conversion to Christ.

Does this mean that every Catholic is actually bound to practise heroic virtue? It certainly does not, but it does mean that the vocation of every Catholic binds him to strive earnestly, with God's grace, to reach the degree of perfection which God wishes him to attain. It is not easy to be "a fairly good" Catholic. Those who are content with mediocrity run the risk of ending as very poor, or even as bad, Catholics. We can shake off this mediocrity by making a real effort during Advent to imitate the prayer and penance of John the Baptist, Christ's witness.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

AT THE BREAKING OF THE TRADITION

JOHN LOUIS BONN

[*THOUGH Father Bonn's article is not a specific answer to the question: What effect will the war have on literature? it transcends that narrower query and dramatizes the whole problem of art and the young and the war.*—Literary Editor]

ON the ninth of December, 1941, the boys and I sat crowded together in what was once the loft of a barn and, under their hands, had been rapidly emerging into a Dramatic Workshop. Someone had turned off the radio as if to keep other voices away from us, voices that had forbidden civilians to move from where they were, that had stopped the flow of students toward their homes and had brought them into groups such as ours. But no one could shut out the noise of planes groaning overhead more loudly than we had ever heard them before.

There was imminence of danger all about and a great lurking fear underneath the present. We knew that the Rector and the Deans were down there somewhere under the towers preparing words for tomorrow that would probably change with the week. We knew that all over the country the educators of the land were talking, planning transitional little plans, not daring to wait before they gave their hundreds of thousands of lads anything at all by which they might live for at least a little. But above all we knew in the silences that were among us and from the symbol about us—a thing that yesterday had seemed progress and now looked more like ruin, as a building half-built may look—that our own planned world was never to be completed.

One does not readily forget such silences as come when the questions stop because you, who are supposed to be leader, have said once too often that you do not know. In those silences you can look about, at Ed whom you had called "The Oaf" because he was still surprised at how large his feet had grown, seeing now the whiteness of his clenched knuckles making incongruous red hairs above them stand bristling with life of their own. You will always remember how the intensity had gone out of Charlie as if a purpose had visibly departed; and you will remember, too, the three Freshmen, sitting together on the still uncovered heat-pipe and the shamed one of them who had

asked if there wouldn't be any Freshman Prom. Above all you would remember Dick, for he had the look of eagles in him and, in that glance, you knew.

Some perversity in you wanted to speak, to say, "You who are about to die—" and over the grim accompaniment of the planes that were swooping too close for comfort, stir and shock into sensibility, although you knew that this was absurd and that adjustment must come slowly and of itself. What could you say? Only what was being decided in every presidential office under every campus tower in the land: "We shall go on."

You said those words. "We shall go on. We'll clear this part of the loft and get ready to lay the floor. There may be months ahead of us to use this place or there may not. But there will be years after we are gone. At least we can leave something behind that they may remember us, our signature in wood and iron."

It was better, then, to be doing something, and the sounds of saws and hammers could compete with the planes. Anything was better than sitting there waiting for answers which could not come. The action released a spring in Connie and Paul and Sid, in all of them, until there was a kind of gaiety that trips upon itself, that has a caught breath in it made of wonder of why you are doing this at all, that has flashes through it, sudden doubts of things that had seemed important yesterday, a staggering of certitudes and cracks in the rock you had thought eternal.

Yesterday, last week, we had been a vital part in the recapturing of the tradition. We had aimed toward the creation of an education that would not be for position but for life, a scheme of things whereby a man might be a man in the alive totality of his freedom. That was yesterday, when we had been pioneers.

The boys are busy now, but they are finishing something, not beginning it. They are working, you note, with a kind of fierce speed as if there were little future left for completion. Yesterday we had looked upon the present as spade-work toward the edifice of tomorrow, as preparation for things which would not fully tower in our time. Now suddenly we were at the end of our time. The sundial was a mocking monument.

There is only the now. Yesterday the younger professors had protested the lack of immediate accomplishment, complaining that most of our students were not emerging with full cultural growth.

We had felt uneasy as if faced with disloyalty, for we wanted progress, not revolution; we had the pat answer that culture is not a thing to be imparted in one generation—and were not our students mainly of the first generation of college-bred?—and that if ten out of hundreds grasped the full significance of the training of the complete man and other tens were instilled with shaking uncertainties about the values of the materialistic world and could pass these doubts on to their sons, then we had performed the miracle of our lives. Now there were to be no more lives. For us or for them.

"We who are about to die—"

They would have no sons, many of these strong young men, no other generation to whom they could pass on the meaning of what they were doing now, boys with the saw, the hammer, the amazing boys who do this as naturally as they had done their lines in *Lear* last Saturday, doing both things easily with the sense growing in them of the relationships of life, of work, manual, intellectual, emotional. These boys were the last, the generation complete, partially complete, the last of their race. They were old. They were ancient men with backs bowed down beneath the centuries and their bitter breathing was to stop. Everything around them was to stop. There was a waiting silence beneath the sound of planes and tools which no noise could cut.

The sun was out bright upon the planes and one could see them through the diamond windows. They flew too low. They were our planes but they flew too low, so that only the tops of their wings were silver and they cast their shadows clean and etched black crosses on the ground.

Then Connie tripped and fell, exaggeratedly clumsy, and drew up in a stiff Nazi salute. "Today," he said, "I resign the presidency of the Dramatic Society. I proclaim myself dictator. Tomorrow I shall ask for a moratorium. Everyone will be free to vote as he will. The day after tomorrow I shall ask everyone who voted against me to commit suicide." His forefinger sheared at his throat.

There was laughter in the far end of the loft where the room was to be. It was good laughter, free and not afraid, and it was young. And in its cause lay the reason for the adjustment of lives—that slavery to death might remain a wild irony among us, not a brutal reality on the face of the earth.

That is it, you think. If they grasp the idea even at this time, or if in the brief moment left to you, the three Freshmen can be made to grasp it—it is enough. There need be no more for now. It had been wrong to doubt the tradition, a faltering cowardice. Now there must be only urgency, insistency, the moment, the miracle. The suddenness which the younger professors had desired is now the necessity.

In a little while the call would come, but before

that, you and the others throughout the nation must tear down, batter down, beat together and build up what once you thought might not be accomplished in a lifetime. These boys here, and other boys everywhere, must not go forth to die for an American way of life that would be defined by more food and less cold and softer upholstery and swifter travel and more instant music and fewer children and larger incomes. The black crosses swift over the December ground cannot mean that. These lives must be given only for stern recognitions of the things unseen. These men must bleed for the belief in the related blood of mankind, for otherwise despair and futility, otherwise regimentation without discipline, risk without bravery, long agony without achievement, death without life.

"God," you pray, "give us in this little longer with them, not in the planned years but in the instant, words that will burn. You have chosen us to live in this hour of the breaking of the tradition. Then let us show these lads, under the crumbling of the world and the eternal disintegration of matter, the imperishable glory of Idea."

The words of your prayer were incoherent, tumbling over themselves in the swiftness of the need. Suddenly it seemed good that the material world should pass and the beauty and the lives of it go down, for had we not worshiped the creatures of our hands? What right had we, the educators of America, to say that the slow future would cure this idolatry and to be satisfied with the creeping pace of the classroom? How had we betrayed our vocation, we who had used the ancient words—humanity, culture, values of the spirit, the whole man educated, the supremacy of the mind, freedom of the will—of what had we been muttering all these years? The name of God had been on all our mottoes but not in all our hearts. It was time now to cry aloud.

And these boys, what of them? A dust has arisen from their work and shatters a gold glory about them. Their bodies bend to a labor which will not be for them, to a planting which they will not harvest. If they perceive the value of this act, is it not a signal to speak and an assurance that you will be believed? Life has not been good to them, living in the eleven years of famine, growing to the momentary reprieve, facing the horror of the present. Has not the materialistic world played them false? Will they not reject it? Do you not hold in your hands the very bread of promise which they would eat?

There is no silence in you any more. Around you, that you may be heard, the noise of planes grows less distinct and the shriek of sirens quiets below a whisper. It is evening of that day and the nation settles grimly, silently to war. Under the towers on the campuses of the country the Presidents and Deans are standing with their conference done. And tomorrow you will hear the voice beating from the words which you are thinking now, rising like a great shout over all the land, a great, growing battle cry:

"We shall go on!"

BOOKS

FERMENT IN ITALY

BALCONY EMPIRE. By Reynolds and Eleanor Packard. Oxford University Press. \$3

AMERICAN journalism can well be proud of its returning correspondents' book-length reports of the current state of affairs inside the Axis. They are something unique in the history of news gathering. In the series of such books, this present volume is more than simply the latest to appear. It is easily the best thus far.

Balcony Empire is the story of Italy at war, written by the chief of the United Press bureau in Rome and the equally able journalist who is his wife. When Mussolini began, with the Ethiopian war, his march toward disaster, these two covered the campaign with Badoglio's armies. Then, in "rebel Spain," they watched the tides of foreign intervention ebb and flow across that unhappy peninsula. At Munich for the Axis' bloodless victory there, in Tunisia during the Italo-French crisis, preceding even the Italian armies into Tirana when Albania fell, viewing on the spot (by means of an amusing and dangerous bit of duplicity) the Fascist debacle in Greece, the authors are fortunate in having been right on the spot for the whole story which they tell.

This gives to their book a continuity, a completeness and an authenticity which no similar book by other foreign correspondents has quite achieved. Much of what it tells will, of course, be already known to the informed reader. But much of its contents, previously suppressed by the censorship under which they wrote before the *Drottningholm* returned them to America in July, is here published for the first time. Taken altogether, it constitutes a most intelligent and objective survey of warring Fascist Italy, the story of a charming and peace-loving people betrayed, after being at first well served, by a megalomaniac Fascist regime.

Highlights of the present volume are its clear-eyed portrayal of the interplay of clashing nationalisms under Franco's banner, its sane analysis of the actual merits of Italy's several fighting forces, its detailed and lucid exposition of Mussolini's political intrigue from Ethiopia to Pearl Harbor and after, and, above all, its sensitive account of the temper of the Italian people in the face of their steadily deteriorating position. American readers will find very revealing the description of the excessive friendliness of Japanese newsmen throughout Europe just prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor. And Catholic as well as non-Catholic readers can discover much food for thought in the chapter which reviews the position and conduct of the Vatican in this war.

The most valuable chapter of *Balcony Empire* is its last. Italy and the Axis peoples generally, the authors warn, will not collapse from the economic burdens, alone, of the war. But for the military action which must decide the struggle, there is at our hand, in the state of affairs in Italy, a powerful military weapon. The Italian people, progressively more hostile to their Nazi allies and to the Fascist regime which has given them a bloody stone in place of the bread it promised, would rise up in millions, it is maintained, to welcome and support a properly heralded invasion.

Such proper heralding, the Packards caution, demands a more realistic insight into the psychology of Europe's oppressed peoples than we have yet shown in our propaganda. It is to Britain, and above all to America, that these peoples want to turn—not to Russia, nor to the various exiled governments which have fled to London or America from their conquered homelands. Russia, despite the magnificence of her present resistance, is profoundly distrusted throughout Europe. And some of

the exiled rulers and leaders whom America currently lionizes "are far from being considered heroes at home." But in support of an invasion of Anglo-American forces, in the assurance that America, particularly, would have a dominant voice in the post-war settlements, millions of Italians could be counted on to rise in revolt against the Duce and the Germans. And millions more, from the other oppressed peoples, as the invasion cut more deeply into Europe.

Given an invasion "as American as possible," the authors maintain that "the greatest fifth column in the history of the world will rise up to revolt against their masters in Europe and welcome our invasion." And they present an admirable case for their conclusion.

Gripping in its sustained interest, admirable in its objectivity of judgment, compelling in the thoroughness of its factual narrative, *Balcony Empire* is invaluable for an understanding of what bids fair to be this war's future course.

JOSEPH BLUETT

PATH TO THE PANTHEON

VICTOR HUGO. *A Realistic Biography of the Great Romantic.* By Matthew Josephson. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3.50

THIS full-dress biography of Victor Hugo is a solid and judicious piece of work that eschews Guedallan bravura, but is not without its own subtleties in addition to more substantial satisfactions. The life of the great Frenchman, from his birth amid the gun-carriages and the "battle-torn regimental flags" of the Napoleonic armies, to his interment and apotheosis in the Panthéon some eighty-three years later, is handled with the most admirable detachment as well as evident admiration.

The Jovian old anti-clerical and Republican champion is obviously one of Mr. Josephson's heroes, both politically and in a literary way, but he does not fail also to register the tarnish on Baron Hugo's 'scutcheon. He is not blind to that in Hugo which Newman might have described as the "giant fascination of sense," nor does he, in the affair of Juliette Drouet, blink the dreadful, if inevitable, egotism of the artist; but at the same time he manages to evoke from this tangled score of passion chords of fatal beauty and saga-like overtones in such scenes as when the dignified and silent half-century rivalry of Breton wife and Breton mistress is culminated by the Brussels meeting of the two ladies, and Mme. Hugo's sad toast to Mme. Drouet: "I drink to you, Madame!"

Mr. Josephson's main preoccupation, however, is with the political development and literary career of Hugo. He is concerned with vindicating his subject against the charge of political time-serving, and proves, to this reader's entire satisfaction, that the Frenchman's curious reversal of Burke's progress from liberal to conservative was every bit as honest and consistent as the Irishman's diametrically opposite course. It might be noted, too, that while Mr. Josephson does not write from the Catholic standpoint, still, his measured objectivity makes the Catholic reader realize why Hugo's mighty novel of the proletariat, *Les Misérables*, necessarily involved heresy and anti-clericalism, whereas its Victorian equivalents in England, Dickens' novels and Mrs. Gaskell's, involved no such thing.

Hugo, a renegade Catholic, had to make his social protest a sort of dogma or anti-dogma, just as Latin Masonry, in contradistinction to British, makes its ritual anti-Church. Mr. Josephson, as is proper for

"This Publishing Business"

HOME IN THE DARK

I ONCE HEARD A MAN on Fifth Avenue bus telling a friend about a girl: "She's fake, she's pseudo, she's false. In fact I sometimes wonder if she's real." He might have been describing Crystal Mayhappy, the heroine of Howard Rollin Patch's novel CUPID ON THE STAIRS. He might have been describing the whole Mayhappy family and pretty well everyone else in this beautifully witty novel. He might, come to think of it, have been describing most of us. But that's verging on the morbid. Back to the novel.

Cupid and Psyche (in bronze) were at the foot of the stairs in the Mayhappy house, but they had not had a great deal to say to the Mayhappy married life. There was a reasonable cupidity, of course, for Marshall Mayhappy was a banker; but what has Cupid to do with cupidity? And there was much talk of psychology, for Crystal Mayhappy was a forward-looking modern woman: but Psyche must often wonder how her name ever got mixed up with anything so nasty (she would hate Freud, would Psyche, for she was a nice-minded girl). The statue was indeed a tribute to art rather than to religion; neither those Gods nor any Gods were of much account in that household. For these people were neither Christians with God nor pagans with Gods. They were only pillars of the Church.

The story is of what happened when Cupid did for a wild space reign from his perch at the foot of the stairs and set four winds of love—all illicit—blowing at once through the house. The result of course, is devastating: there is a pagan view of sex and a Christian view of sex and these people had neither. They are in fact almost a laboratory specimen of Christianity with the life drained out of it. The first reaction of such people to what used to be called temptation is, "Why shouldn't I?" and their second is "I don't see why I shouldn't." Nothing could be more accurate than the form of this last statement. They don't see why they shouldn't. They don't see anything. They are only conscious of a lot of urges in the dark: not all the urges are bad or selfish, but all are lightless. Being in the dark has the great advantage that it keeps you from seeing unpleasant things; but it doesn't keep you from tripping over them.

It is a diverting spectacle to see them trip, but anyone with any power to see himself will find his smile growing a little rueful. Howard Patch is a profound moralist, but he never points a moral. He simply leaves reality lying around so to speak, and let his characters make their own collisions with it. And he is a realist to the end. For his characters (like most of us) learn nothing from experience. Cupid settles back again into his bronze; the winds of love stop blowing; those who had been the winds' sport are left rubbing their shins, but very much as they were, and still in the dark. Painfully as they have collided with reality, they still do not know that it is there. They haven't the light to see it by.

FJS.

CUPID ON THE STAIRS, A NOVEL
by Howard Rollin Patch, \$2.50

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him in his capacity as historic liberal, celebrates the French poet as Promethean man; the Catholic notices sadly the coming of Haushoferian Satanic man, and thinks there is a demonstrable sequence of cause and effect. It must be conceded, though, in fairness to both Hugo and his biographer, that the old writer was far from being a mere doctrinaire—he made a Socialist vacuum without religion, and had a sense of the abyss that lay beyond. His own personal remedy—to create a new religion of humanity—has not, however, been enough.

As literary criticism, Mr. Josephson's pages on what remains today an immensely powerful and still disturbing novel, *Les Misérables*, are really first rate. He points out, in addition, how amazingly original Hugo was in his life-long production of poetry, a field in which, very naturally, English readers rarely stray.

It was during the period of his island exile that Hugo became obsessed by spiritualism. Mr. Josephson puts down the unsettling manifestations to operations of the writer's subconscious, and that of his family's; the Catholic sees more than this; he feels with Chesterton that it is easier to credit bad spirits with activating the hooves of the Gadarene swine than good spirits with activating the legs of tables.

The Hugo who emerges rank and sweet from Mr. Josephson's pages represents the undisciplined, anarchic, aspiring strength of self-subsistent man at his best; and his weaknesses, too. He is, in Mr. Josephson's estimate, more perfectly expressive of the Nineteenth Century in its many aspects than either Tolstoi or Whitman or Dickens; parallel in literature to Lincoln in politics. It was much to have been *Père de la République*; and the Catholic does not object to this interpretation. He only remarks, a trifle wistfully, Edouard Lockroy's refusal to admit to the Titan's death-chamber the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris with the healing chrism that was soon to anoint the purpled temples of that other gusty sinner, Alexandre Dumas. *O anima naturaliter Christiana!* exclaimed Newman, echoing Augustine, on the news of Thackeray's passing. We might amend his cry of grief to read thus, in Hugo's case: *O anima unnaturaliter haeretica!*

CHARLES A. BRADY

JUDGMENT ON A JURIST

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. By Francis Biddle. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50

ATTORNEY General Biddle has written a sympathetic biography of a great judge. One may agree with his opening sentence: "It is too early to determine what Mr. Justice Holmes will mean to future generations of Americans." But it is not too early to state that Holmes' philosophy of life and law has aroused formidable dissents in recent years.

Perhaps the most notable has been the scholarly paper by Father John Ford, "The Fundamentals of Holmes' Juristic Philosophy," first printed in *Some Phases of American Culture* and reprinted in the current issue of the *Fordham Law Review*. This paper, and others, are passed without mention by Biddle. Had he analyzed them, he would have found calm and objective proof that Holmes' philosophy was founded upon force, typified in the following fragment: "Truth is the majority vote of that nation that can lick all the others."

Again, Holmes tells his Chinese friend, Dr. Wu, that he regarded himself as a "cosmic ganglion" living a squirrel-cage existence in which his ultimate objective in life was to live dangerously. All ultimates, all truth, even consciousness, are mere unverifiable guesses. You can take your pick. Holmes did by proclaiming that might makes right.

One closes this book with the sad conviction that the critics have made out a case. A great man, a great judge perhaps, but a poor philosopher for the present, or future, generation of Americans.

WALTER B. KENNEDY

MORE LASTING THAN BRONZE

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF CHARLES L. O'DONNELL. The University Press. Notre Dame, Indiana. NOT because of her massed buildings or equipment is a university great, but because of her men and her ideas. If these be lofty then she can survive on Mark Hopkins' log; but if these be lacking, nothing can fill the void.

It was most fitting that one feature of the centenary celebration of Notre Dame University should be a commemorative edition of Father O'Donnell's poems. Father Carey, the Editor of *Collected Poems*, has made a real contribution to the centenary ceremonies; he has also done American letters a genuine service.

In these poems one will find a rich range of subject, wit, laughter, tears; and breathing through all a gentle and gallant soul. The poems are priestly but not preachments; they are religious but never lapse into mere religiosity. There is a firm finality of phrase in such lines as "The silence mends more quickly than the heart" that is reminiscent of Housman, but exorcised of Housman's fatality and despair. Luxuriant imagery shows the author's apprenticeship to the great masters of English and Classic verse; but interwoven is a sturdy independence which marks him an American, and a bubbling mastery of melody which reveals his Celtic ancestry. A former President of Notre Dame, these poems should forever keep alive the memory of Father O'Donnell among Notre Dame men and a wide circle of admirers outside their ranks.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

HENRY CARLOS DE VIGHNE in *The Time of My Life* (Lippincott, \$3) tells his story as a frontier doctor in Alaska, who began life as a newsboy on New York's Bowery. Thence he graduated to an Iowa farm, which he quit at the age of sixteen, went filibustering around the Caribbean, and ultimately settled down as a medical student and did well. Taking his medical degree, he ended up as Health Commissioner for Alaska. Now all this is a man's tale of a man's life, worth reading, though sprinkled with a touch of profanity, here and there.

Young Man of the World (Washburn, \$3) is Thomas R. Ybarra's supplement to his earlier *Young Man of Caracas*. Formerly on the editorial staff of the N. Y. Times, and later its London correspondent, Mr. Ybarra has seen much of the world. Venezuelan on his father's side, he has the Latin's clarity of outlook on world affairs, and among other observations, he thinks that post-war Germany will be happier as the Germanies. Which means that he hopes to see the chicanery of Bismarck undone—and so say all of us!

Now uncles are a sort of comforting institution in these days, and so Robert P. Tristram Coffin, who is a poet, in *The Book of Uncles* (Macmillan, \$2) ventures into a world of uncles he had or might have had. Avuncularity is one of God's gifts to man—to little men, anyway. And those who are uncles, as well as those who are not but would like to be, can find great interior consolation in this collection of prose portraits.

Major Peter W. Rainier, who is now pounding the gray uniforms in Libya, writes about something a deal more precious in *Green Fire* (Random House, \$2.75). This is a book about the mining of emeralds in the mines of Colombia. In 1927 the Major was sent to find and restore the fabulous Chivor emerald-mines, which were discovered by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. Well, if you like that sort of thing, you will find in this book what finding these beautiful gems entails.



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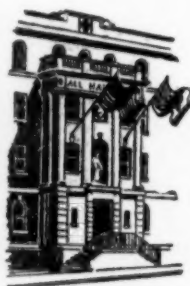
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WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Peace and Bread (Dorrance. \$1) by Ludwig Grein, interprets the average German family before, during, and after the last war. There is a fierce sincerity in its pages; and if you realize that this present war is just another outburst of Prussian militarism, Mr. Grein will convince you why the majority of German people hate Prussianism.

In *There Is Today* (Little, Brown. \$2.50) Josephine Lawrence, in fictional form, goes into the problems of the average American in prevailing war conditions. Boiled down, the question is whether young people should marry before the party of the first part is inducted (a euphemism for conscription), or whether they should wait until after the war.

Each year the United States, in one way or another, pays for soil erosion the enormous bill of \$3,844,000,000. That is what H. H. Bennett and W. C. Pryor have to talk about in *The Land We Defend* (Longmans. \$1.50). The head of the Soil Conservation Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and his associate explain what this loss means and how it occurs, and show what measures are being taken to recover the loss of this vanishing land.

Susan Glaspell in *Norma Ashe* (Lippincott. \$2.50) has a tale to tell about the idealism of youth, and the loss of that idealism in conflict with the pressing realities of life. After you start with *Norma*, you leap, so to speak, from her college days in Dakota into some sort of naturalism. Miss Glaspell is up to her usual standard, but Christian theology, to put it gallantly, is not quite in her line.

Storm Point by Ruth Eleanor McKee (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50) is a thriller about the Storm family, whose home is a wild, isolated headland in northern California. So far, that is good. But the Storm family is messed up in a *mélange* of strong passions and unhappy women who were the victims of their selfishness and ruthlessness. The tale is skilfully done, but it is not recommended for convent libraries.

Although *Turning Leaves* (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50) by Ellen Proctor won the \$10,000 prize, it seems at best but a mediocre novel about a one-time wealthy Minnesota family, whose old Sheraton furniture sets the background. Polished mahogany and mellow candle-light are all very well; but it takes more than these stage properties to make a first-class novel and the bright young things who prance before these elegant furnishings, somehow, are not altogether convincing.

Frances Parkinson Keyes has the historical touch, which is shown in *Crescent Carnival* (Messner. \$3), a tale about Crescent City, which is obviously New Orleans. The Breckenridges are the folk around whom the tale revolves and, to be candid, the relationships, while quite all they should be, are decidedly entangled. But the tale brings it down to Pearl Harbor, and that is fiction up to date.

If Angela Thirkell had managed to get even some faint glimmering of Christian fundamentals, then her novel *Marling Hall* (Knopf. \$2.50) might have a greater appeal than it does. There is plenty of humor in it, and many a sly dig at a certain class of the English in England-at-war. It is well written; but you get the idea that the characters in this novel are some sort of obsequious beings brought out for the public gaze by some sort of superior person. And the day of the superior persons is gone for a generation or so, if not forever.

THE GLANCER

IN THE swirling spate of books which pour from the presses into our Literary Office, it is a regrettable necessity that some noteworthy books go by unnoticed. *A Glance at the Editor's Bookshelf* is designed to remedy this condition, in part, and to give a rapid resumé of books and bookmen we might seem to have neglected. It is a summary of book-reviews we did not print.

THEATRE

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH: There are moments in Thornton Wilder's new play at the Plymouth Theatre, *The Skin of our Teeth*, produced by Michael Myerberg when one has a dark suspicion that the author has gone a bit too far in his play of fancy. There are other moments when one gives oneself wholeheartedly to the strange witchery of the scenes. And there are many scenes when one is convinced that here is a work of genius which must not only be taken seriously but which none but a fool would take otherwise.

About the moment this reflection strikes one, one's neighbor in the theatre drives a sharp elbow into one's side.

"This is immensely interesting and all that," she whispers, "but just what does it mean?"

What it means, I think, is that an experienced and able playwright is giving us the history of the world in three acts and, some of the time, with his tongue in his cheek. He takes us from the Ice Age to the second World War in two hours, with thirty-six people off and on the stage. Incidentally, he does it all against a background of New Jersey family life and scenery. This confuses us a bit when we discover, in the first act, that the Ice Age is just about to begin, that a dinosaur is one of the pets of the family we are watching, and that Homer is among the neighbors who drop in for warmth during the Ice Age. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus (Florence Eldridge and Fredric March) are five thousand years old in their final incarnation. They look in their thirties in all their scenes.

Tallulah Bankhead is also very reassuring in all her incarnations, and the slippers and costume she wears in the Ice Age would look up-to-date on Fifth Avenue today. All of which seems a bit confused because it is a bit confused. But there is the Atlantic City board-walk just outside the house to reassure one in case one feels one's reason tottering. Moreover, it's no time for reason to totter, because there's always a lot to enjoy. So let us go back to the beginning and try to get things straightened out.

In the first act there are Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, complete in neat clothing of today and in a house in Excelsior, New Jersey. Sabina, their maid (Miss Bankhead), very natty in her high-heeled slippers and up-to-date toilet, is stepping over the dinosaur as she performs her daily tasks and chats with the audience about the play. The Ice Age is coming and everybody shivers. Homer drops in with other neighbors, and the audience is asked to contribute chairs to keep the home fires going. Then the Ice Age is here. So, still, is Tallulah, and she's so interesting and amusing that one isn't really much afraid.

All clear so far? The Antrobus's son is Henry, who is really Cain and has slain his brother and has a mark on his brow—perhaps I'm getting mixed about this, but Montgomery Clift never is. He acts the role superbly. In fact every role in the play is finely acted. The Marches themselves are wonderful! So is the stimulating Miss Bankhead.

There's a convention in Atlantic City pretty soon; that straightens us all out if we are mentally a bit groggy. Tallulah is a bathing beauty there, and Florence Reed is a fortune teller.

Mr. Antrobus seems to be running almost everything, by this time, including the world. The bathing beauty runs after him till she catches him and almost lures him away from his 5,000-year-old wife. That's all I can tell you about the play in this limited space, except that you simply must go and see it. If you don't you will miss something unique. Also, every one you know will be telling you the plot, and they'll make a worse mess of it than I've done.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



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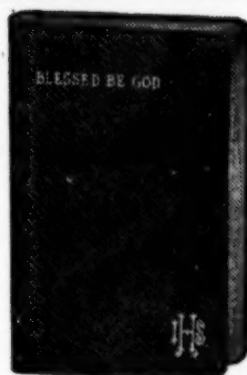
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crippled by her father in a drunken stupor, Ida Lupino
demonstrates just how capable an actress she really is.
The affairs of these two run pretty much up and down
the gamut of an audience's emotions. One thrills with
the girl when she sees her parent ready to return to the
stage and win the plaudits his work merits, but again
the tragedy of his failure is shared by all. In an unex-
pected finale, the selfish old reprobate vindicates him-
self in the eyes of his child and almost persuades the
audience to forgive him too. The melodramatic inter-
ludes are threaded together with delicious humor, em-
phasized, truly munched upon, by Monty Woolley. Irving
Pichel's direction is capable and effective. Those adults
who can take their entertainment dotted with harsh,
almost cruel situations will find a trip to this film worth
their while. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT. Though the origi-
nal hero is no longer extant, his movie creators are still
playing around with the Dr. Kildare series. In this new-
est view behind the scenes of a hospital, the gruff chief-
of-staff has no less than three assistants, and each of
their stories forms a link in the feature's building. More
than usual footage is given to Lionel Barrymore as the
great Gillespie, which should please his many admirers,
while much of the story is devoted to the affairs of a
pretended amnesia victim who wishes to conceal some
of her past. Mature moviegoers who are interested in
this series will find this instalment up to average.
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

LADY FROM CHUNGKING. Anna May Wong has the
title role as the leader of a small band of guerrillas who
succeed in destroying a Japanese general and his force,
though the firing squad is their reward. The picture
attains any appeal it has because it suggests the power
and sincerity of China's brave fight against her Nippon-
ese aggressor. Here is something suggested to adult
audiences as passable though unimportant diversion.
(Producers Releasing)

ARMY SURGEON. This routine offering that records, in
flashbacks, the first World-War romance between an
Army nurse and a military doctor never rises out of the
mediocre class. Every situation can be anticipated from
start to finish, and the result is a tasteless though harm-
less morsel for the family. James Ellison, Jane Wyatt
and Kent Taylor are unable to rise above the uninspired
material provided. (R.K.O. Radio)

MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY. Plenty of laughs
in this story of a bearded young professor and an ex-
bubble-dancer, but suggestive injections make the pic-
ture objectionable. Cecile Kallaway's comic skill, and
Richard Carlson's and Martha O'Driscoll's hard work
are wasted on such questionable stuff, more is the pity.
(Paramount)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

SIGRID UNDSET AND THE NEWPORT TOWER

EDITOR: Anything that Mrs. Undset writes is of interest because we feel indebted to her for her great novel, *Kristin Lavransdatter*. But no person, no matter how brilliant, is in a position to discuss intelligently a scientific book before reading it. That is what Mrs. Undset attempts to do in a recent issue of AMERICA (October 17). She proceeds to pass judgment on Mr. Means' book, *Newport Tower*, after admitting she has not read it. As she knows nothing about the contents of the book, her comments are disappointing. However, as she deems them important enough to request publication, we shall briefly review her arguments in the order she presents them:

1. "As far as I know, there is not a single scrap of evidence that Norsemen or Danes ever set foot on the soil of America." This is merely a statement of her present knowledge, and is of no help in determining the origin of the Newport Tower.

2. "The Icelanders never built in stone." This is only partly true, and has nothing to do with the Newport Tower.

3. "All the round churches in Scandinavia were built by the Danes." Mrs. Undset is here misinformed. Sweden has more round churches dating from the Middle Ages than any other country, according to its population; and none of the numerous experts on round churches has claimed that any of these Swedish churches were built by Danes.

4. "I do not believe that an Icelandic settlement on Rhode Island, important enough to build a great church, would have disappeared without leaving traces in the literature or documents of Iceland." This is the only statement by Mrs. Undset that has any bearing on the subject of the Newport Tower. But it contains two errors: 1) neither Mr. Means nor anyone else has claimed that there was an Icelandic settlement on Rhode Island; 2) it is an error to call the Newport Tower "a great church." It is only 18'3" in diameter, and built of rough field stones. Furthermore, while it was built in imitation of a small Templar church (its dimensions as well as its form are almost precisely the same as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Cambridge, England), its primary purpose was to serve as a fortification. No settlement or colony is needed as a background. If a small party of medieval explorers—English, French or Norse—was compelled to spend some months or years at this place and needed a fortification, it would not be strange if they built it in the form of a round fortified church such as they had seen in their homeland. Nor would it be strange if no reference is made to it in the meager documents that have survived. Perhaps these explorers never returned to tell their tale.

Instead of confusing the reader's understanding by precipitate publication of personal reaction, it would be better to learn what experts on round churches think of the Newport Tower. Camille Enlart, a distinguished expert on medieval church architecture, has no hesitancy in declaring his belief that the Newport Tower is a Romanesque Scandinavian church from the Middle Ages (see his *Le problème de la vieille tour de Newport*, 1910, LX, 318-320). A still greater authority, when it comes to round churches in the Scandinavian countries, is Dr. Hugo Frölén, the author of *Nordens Befästa Rundkyrkor* (The Fortified Churches of the North, 1911). In Volume I, on page 42, he writes: "The Newport Tower has undoubtedly been the inner rotunda of a carefully built round church." The italics are his.

Ephraim, Wis.

H. R. HOLAND

SUBSIDIZED OR NOT SUBSIDIZED

EDITOR: AMERICA recently reviewed favorably, and properly so, John W. White's book, *Argentina: The Life Story of a Nation*. One paragraph of the book reads:

Another unfortunate influence is the presence of a large number of United States missionaries. Their attempt to persuade Christian communicants to renounce the sect they are already in, and join the one represented by the missionary, naturally arouses the antagonism of the Catholic Church, which, heavily subsidized by the Government, is one of the most efficient organizations in all South America. The result is that the Church has become the most formidable single vehicle for anti-United States propaganda in Argentina. (*Italics mine.*)

I merely wish to remark that the Catholic Church, without being subsidized at all by the Government, is one of the most efficient organizations in all North America.

Washington, D. C.

FRANCIS J. ATTIG

COMMUNISM AND RUSSIA

EDITOR: On page 100 of AMERICA, October 31, Professor Timasheff is quoted as saying "Religious freedom in Russia, so long as Communists continue to rule, is impossible."

In a footnote on the correspondence page you say of the Pope "... it is reasonable to conclude that his championship of justice is contributing towards a United Nations victory."

Is this assumption fair to the Pope? Has he not condemned Communism in no uncertain terms?

Dorchester, Mass.

MARY E. LYNCH

(*Communism, yes; but not Russians defending their Homeland.*—Ed.)

COMMUNISM AND EDUCATION

EDITOR: Twice during the past year Vice-President Wallace has stated that the Communist Revolution of 1917 showed itself a "people's" revolution by transforming that country from being ninety per cent illiterate to being ninety per cent literate (*New York Times*, November 9, 1942).

The historical facts seem to run quite counter to this version of what happened:

1. The plan of universal education in Russia was inaugurated by the Duma under the Czarist regime, as an achievement of the 1905 Revolution. The legislation was passed, as a matter of fact, by the Third Duma, which met in the fall of 1907, and was controlled by the conservatives who supported Stolypin's "liberal conservatism." The Bolsheviks seem to have had very little to do with this progressive legislation.

2. The census is taken in Russia in septennial years, 1887, 1897, etc. No census was taken in either 1907 or 1917. That makes it historically impossible to fix upon any figure, much less ninety per cent, as the exact degree of illiteracy existing in those pre-Communist years.

3. In 1897 the census showed that 24.2 per cent of the population over ten years old could read and write. The next census in 1927 showed 51.1 per cent, and the last in 1938 showed 81 per cent.

4. Very painstaking efforts to work out the probable degree of literacy existing in 1914 on the eve of the World War have put the figure at 41.8 per cent of persons over ten who could read and write.

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These are ascertainable historical facts. The question might be asked whether the triumph of Communism accelerated or retarded the program of universal education in Russia. Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University in his *Political and Diplomatic History of Russia* (1936) summarizes the situation thus:

It was in the realm of education and cultural progress at large that the 1905 Revolution scored its most important achievements, since the plan of universal education was carried by the Duma to be completed in 1922, and it was *only war and another revolution which caused a delay of ten years.* (p. 371. *Italics inserted.*)

One might add that in the early years of its ascent to power the Communist Party prostituted the national educational system of Russia for the purpose of Marxist indoctrination, as the Nazis have done for their purpose.

Should not post-war reconstruction be built upon "the realities of life," rather than upon overzealous make-believe? Otherwise we are preparing ourselves for a repetition, on a global scale this time, of the disillusionment and frustration which beset us after World War I.
New York, N. Y. ROBERT C. HARTNETT

HITLER'S SPONSOR

EDITOR: Not being an Austro-Hungarian myself, I am not competent to say anything about the mentality of the young Middle-Europeans of 1917. But when Franz Werfel (AMERICA December 5) says that the "diabolical evil of today bears not the name of Ludendorff, but the name of Hitler," he is running past the traffic lights.

Had there been no Ludendorff, there probably would have been no Hitler; for this latter grotesque creature owes his rise to power entirely to General Ludendorff and the Prussian High Command. If you are in any doubt about that, just look up your own pages (September 7, 1935, page 510), where there is sufficient on the return of the heathen to place Hitler's sponsorship on this Teutonic "heathen—and proud of it."

New York HENRY WATTS

THE FAITH IN GERMANY

EDITOR: You have a paragraph in the November 7 issue of AMERICA to the effect that Cardinal Faulhaber celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a Bishop this year. I was in Germany in 1936, and had the great honor of participating in a small way in his twenty-fifth jubilee. Thus he is now thirty-one years a bishop.

At that time I was attending a Catholic school in Munich, the liquidation of which had already begun while I was still a pupil there. I have since heard that their beautiful new building has been turned into a military hospital. Most of the nuns whom I knew, and many others of the same Order, were transferred to Barcelona, Spain, where they are running a flourishing school. There they are awaiting prayerfully the day when they can return to their own land, and continue God's work there.

In 1935 I was confirmed by Cardinal Faulhaber in our school chapel. The school was part of the Wittelsbach castle at Nymphenburg in Munich, but it has since been confiscated by the government, and converted into a hunting museum, and the Church was made its library. Cardinal Faulhaber protested bitterly to the last, and never gave up the altar, but Gauleiter Wagner went ahead anyhow. Many of the nuns had been laid to rest in the crypt of the Church, and they had to be removed to the nearby cemetery.

One of the most vivid pictures I have of that glorious man of God is in connection with a low Mass which he celebrated the Sunday within the octave of his Silver Jubilee. It took place at 7 A.M. in the Cathedral at Munich, and countless scores of the Faithful turned out for the occasion, especially the young people, whose special Mass it was. After that we all followed His Excellency back to his palace. The throngs actually pushed his car, there were so many of us.

One more thing especially which I will never forget is participating in the Corpus Christi Procession in Munich in 1939. This Procession took place every year, but that year the Government had endeavored to take steps to encroach upon it, so that not as many streets as usual were blocked off. But it was a glorious sight. 50,000 persons took part in it. There were Masses inside and outside the Cathedral, and in all the Churches.

Catholicism is fighting a valiant fight in Germany, and the Faith is deep-seated in the hearts of the people. Many have learned not to take their precious heritage for granted any more, which is worth much suffering to learn. Catholicism, where it was left in Germany, remained alive, but in Austria, or rather in parts of Austria, especially around Vienna, it was merely a name. The scourge of this war will have proved its blessing, if it succeeds in arousing dormant Catholics in Europe and elsewhere out of their complacency, if it succeeds in teaching us that Christ meant what he said: "If you are not for Me, you are against Me."

In the days of the Old Testament, God Himself declared that it was He Who was punishing the world for forgetting Him. Since He has sent us His Son and established His Church, He speaks to us through Her, and if Her Voice, which is His Voice, is not heeded, His punishment is visited upon a world which dares to forget that it was created by Him, for Him, and to one end only: His honor and glory. The sin today is greater and more universal, and the punishment is meted out accordingly. The world was saved then, when it turned again to God, and placated by prayer and sacrifice and good works His just anger; it will be no different today.

New York, N. Y.

MARIEMMI G. WANKE

POLISH REFUGEES IN AFRICA

EDITOR: We would like to inform the Polish people of America, that we have here with us at the present time 3,000 Polish Refugees.

These good people have at last found a permanent home for the duration of the war. They have come to us from Russia, where war and its attendant troubles have moved them from place to place. Three years have been an ordeal for them, and have left their mark. Many of their loved ones lie behind them, in graves along the paths that they have crossed. Physically they are worn out, but spiritually they are as vigorous as ever. The Polish Government, in cooperation with his Majesty's Government, has brought them here. We are most happy to have them with us.

I am an American Holy Ghost Father, and am assisted in caring for these people by a fellow-American H. G. Father. Three years of migration have saddened them a bit, but have not broken their great Polish spirit. We shall have them ready, we hope, when the day of victory comes, as come it must, to take their part in the rebuilding of the land of Saints Stanislaus, Casimir, Hedwig and Our Lady of Czenstochowa.

We shall gladly welcome any and all aid for our guests from the good Polish people of America. Anything and everything is welcome, for our guests reach us with their riches in their small emaciated hands. What they lack we try to supply, and we welcome the aid of America in this task. They are with us now, and no expense will be spared for their welfare. As an American, knowing the great spirit of charity in the hearts of my own people, and in the hearts of the Polish people of America, I ask your aid, and trust confidently in your response. Money can be sent us through the Mission account, Barclay's Bank, Arusha, and the Standard Bank of South Africa, Arusha, or directly to me here at the Mission. Medicines, clothing, etc., are urgently needed. Our group is made up of old men, women and children. The young men are left behind with the Forces. We shall do our level best; please help us. More details later to nearest of kin in the United States. May God bless you.

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PARADE

THE *Hobo News*, a trade paper for hoboes, recently published a stirring editorial urging "harvest stiffs" in the hobo ranks to apply themselves to farm work during the present agricultural emergency, and then followed up its recruiting editorial by circularizing the known stopping places of the "stiffs." An official of the newspaper, to support his contention that a mass back-to-the-farm movement on the part of hoboes would be peculiarly appropriate, stated that the original word from which *hobo* derives was *hoeboy*. The *e* and the *y* were gradually dropped; so, perhaps less gradually, was the strenuous labor of the hoeboy; and *hoeboy* became *hobo*. . . . With the exception of persons who have occasion to pry into the origin of the word, people using the term *hobo* today are unaware of its derivation and former signification. . . . And this unawareness concerning origins exists with regard to numerous other words in the language.

What citizen today, on the verge of using the word *assassin*, reflects: "This word *assassin* which I am on the point of using comes from the Arabic term *hash-shashin*, which signified an addict of hashish"? . . . Who, nowadays, not long after employing the word *panic* in a conversation thinks within himself thus: "That word *panic* which I just uttered derives from the name of the mythological god Pan who was supposed to cause sudden and extreme fear"? . . . When people engaged in chit-chat have banded the word *nice* to and fro, the probability is very high that not one of them soliloquizes in the following fashion: "That word *nice* we have been bandying to and fro originally meant ignorant or foolish. How this word has changed!" . . . Who today employing the expression *hocus-pocus* knows that it is a contraction of the words of consecration at Mass: *Hoc Est Corpus Meum*, and that it was originally intended to be a slur at the Mass?

The connotations of words are not permanently fixed. . . . Words mean what the popular will says they mean. . . . Changes in signification do not disrupt the nature of things, and hence public forgetfulness concerning original connotations is of little practical importance. . . . There are other things, however, which are not changeable, as words are. . . . Things which the popular will cannot alter. . . . And when the public pretends that these things have new meanings and forgets the original, immutable signification, disastrous consequences always follow. . . . Marriage is one of the things which do not change. . . . When the word *hoeboy* was still being used, marriage had a definite meaning, a permanent meaning established by Christ. . . . Today, when *hoeboy* has given way to *hobo*, marriage still has the same meaning, despite the fact that multitudes of people are now marching, hobo-like, from divorce to divorce, and making believe that marriage has come to signify a short flirtation terminable at the whim of either party. . . . Marriage still means, always will mean, a permanent union between one man and one woman, broken by death but by nothing else. . . . The modern short flirtation is not marriage. . . . Another thing which has not changed in meaning despite popular manifestations to the contrary is Christmas. . . . Most of the Christmas cards these days very carefully omit any mention of Christ, His Mother and St. Joseph. . . . From the cards one would not suspect that Christmas has a relationship with Christ. . . . But it has. . . . The meaning of Christmas has not changed. . . . Christ has not changed. . . . It is the people who have changed. . . . And the change, the public forgetfulness concerning Christ, is the root reason why the human race is not doing so well these days.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR NOVEMBER

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

	Song of Bernadette—Werfel
	Family That Overtook Christ—Raymond
	Pageant of the Popes—Farrow
	Mass of Brother Michel—Kmt
	Pack Rat—Kelley
	Across a World—Considine
	Great Modern Catholic Short Stories—Mariella
	Judgment of Nations—Dawson
	Companion to the Summa, Vol. IV—Farrell
	Reed and the Rock—Maynard
	Pressing the leaders in this month's poll of popularity were the following books: <i>Man Who Got Even with God</i> —Raymond. Father Raymond's longtime best-seller has still sufficient sales vitality to draw ten votes. <i>Good Bad Boy</i> —Brennan, like- wise had ten ballots cast for it. <i>House</i> <i>on Humility Street</i> —Doherty and <i>Rig</i> <i>for Church</i> —Maguire, each had nine votes and <i>Road for Victory</i> —Archbishop Spell- man, appears in the Log with eight votes. If you want to know what Catholics read, consult the Log.

Remarkable this month is the fact that within the last few weeks Father Raymond's *Family that overtook Christ* has leaped to second place after Franz Werfel's *Masterly Song of Bernadette*

Did you see the "Magazine Score-Card" which appeared in the Correspondence of AMERICA last week? The correspondent, appraising ten magazines, gives AMERICA's book reviews top rating.



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